

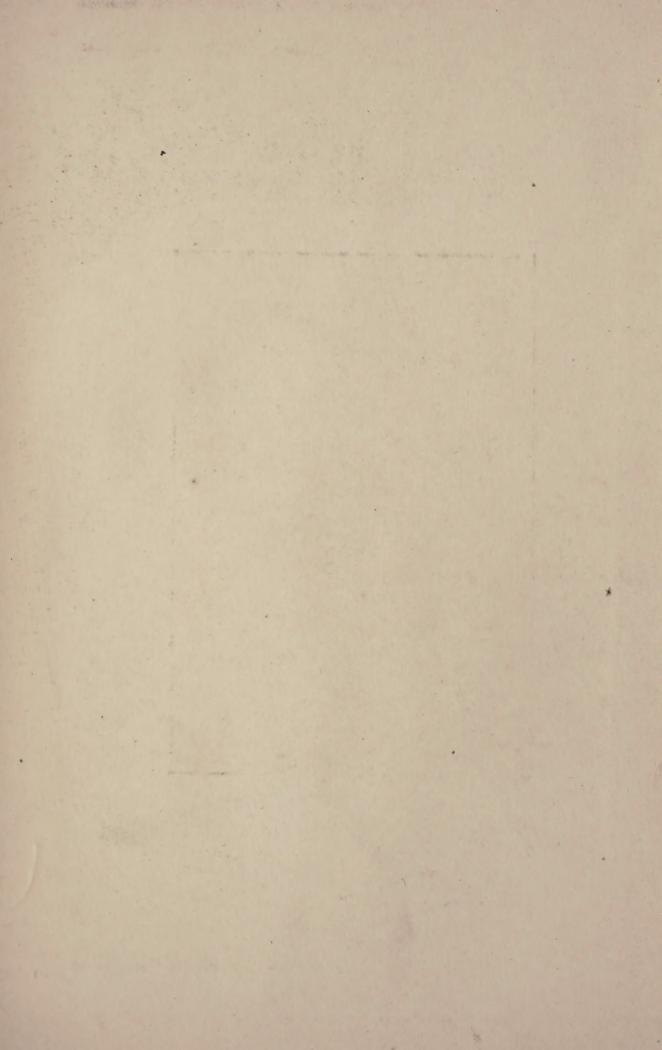


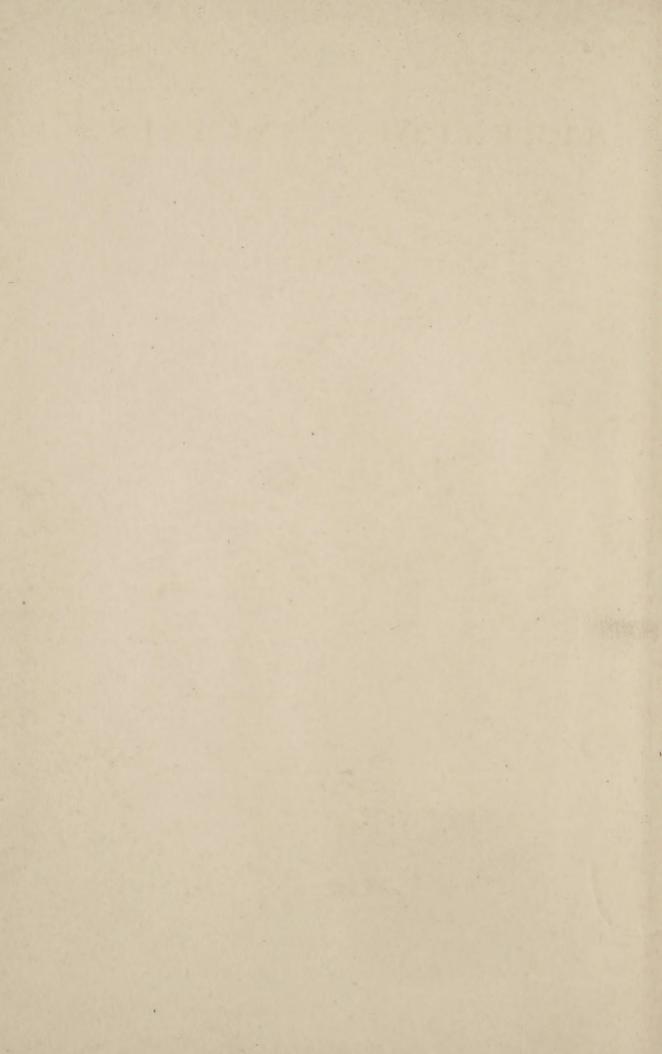
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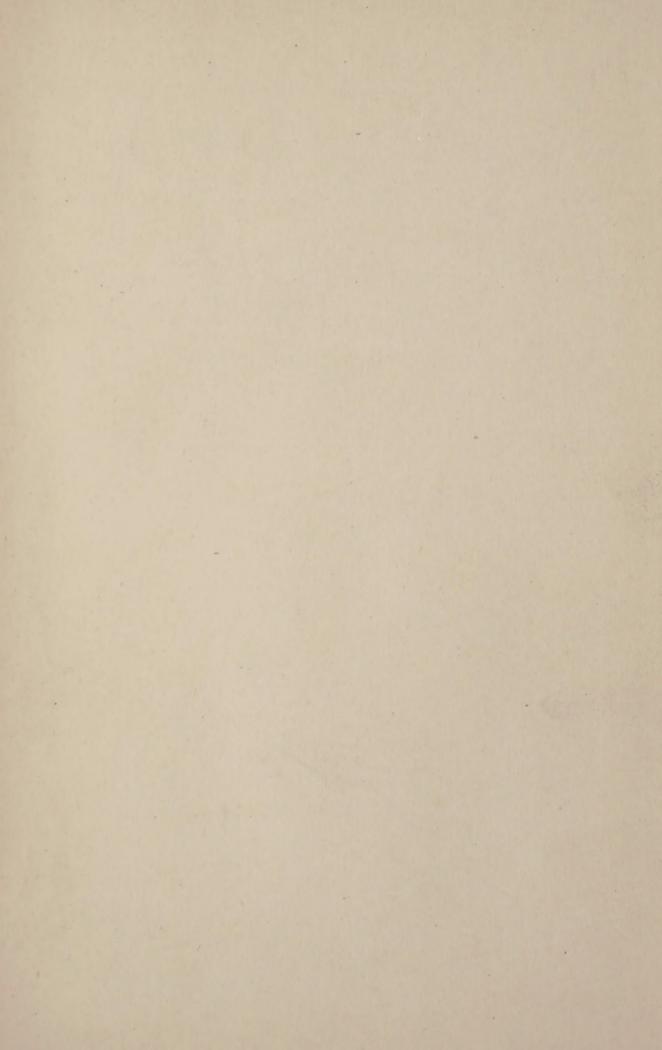
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STRENUOUS ANIMALS







"The local black bears give him the glad hand." (Page 4.)

STRENUOUS ANIMALS

VERACIOUS TALES By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y E. W. KEMBLE & BOB ADDAMS



1904

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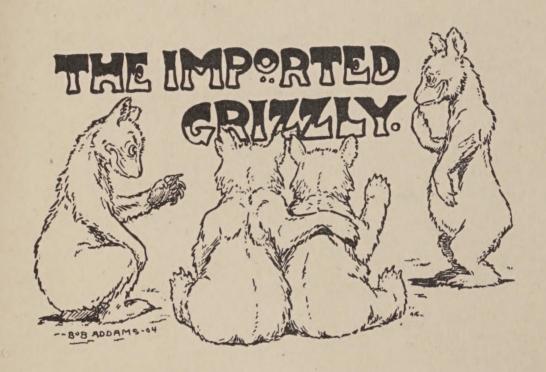


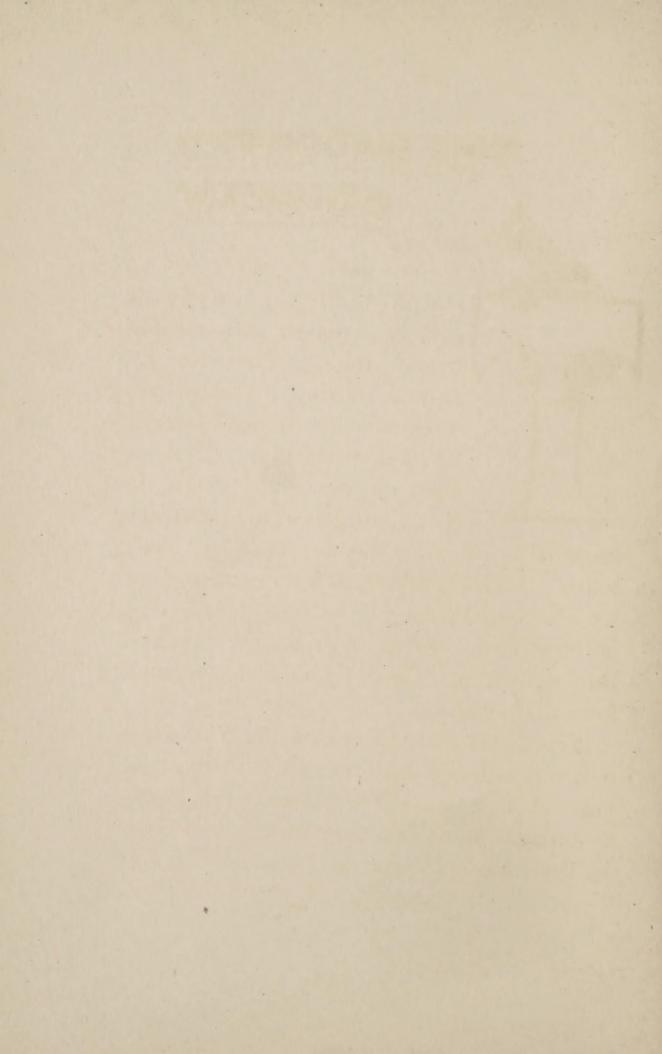
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THE IMPERTED GRIZZIA

OM WILSON'S imported grizzly created lamentable havoc among Pike County animals during his short yet strenuous career," said Deacon Todgers pensively. "But in the end he fell a victim to the intelligence and scientific.

knowledge of the dean of the local black bears. And when Tom Wilson came to look for the remains of his pet he found that nothing but a patient search over this and the surrounding counties could collect enough for a decent burial.

"Tom captured the grizzly out West when it was a cub and had trained it to hunt for him. When the bear was nearly full grown he brought him East and turned him loose on the innocent bears and wildcats of this county. The grizzly had been trained so that he would n't eat anything but cooked meat. While active, he was n't an especially intelligent bear, and, not being able to cook his own food, he would turn the proceeds of his hunting expeditions in to Tom Wilson. Tom would deduct a liberal share for the benefit of the person he described as 'honest Tom Wilson.' The rest he cooked and gave to the grizzly. Of course, Tom got all the furs, and the game was as good as a gold mine to him. I remonstrated with him on the wickedness of it.

"'Your bear comes here a stranger from the West,' I told Tom. 'The first time he wanders out in the woods the local black bears give him the glad hand, and try to be hospitable and make him feel at home. And how does he repay them for their kindness? By outraging their tenderest feelings and converting happy, peaceable bears into furry corpses. You're teaching him to be a cannibal bear. No good will come of money earned that way.'

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"Tom only grunted that the furs seemed to sell for as much as if they were those of bears who had voluntarily committed suicide. So he let his grizzly continue his career of devastation unreproved.

"There's no denying the grizzly was a wonder when it came to hunting other ani-



"A wonder when it came to hunting."

mals. He was a big Silvertip, and, despite their many admirable qualities, not a black bear in Pike County could stand up to him in a fight. In a little while game got so scarce that some of the boys proposed shooting the grizzly. But the bear was the rightful property of Tom Wilson, and I warned them not to do anything illegal.

"'Man and boy,' I told them, 'I've

known Pike County bears for years. And I've got confidence in their ability to take care of themselves. This grizzly bear game is a new one to them now, but as soon as they get a little used to it, they'll make this furry intruder wish he had remained in the far West.' And subsequent developments showed the truth of my prophecy.

"The next day, while I was walking through the woods, I heard something come tearing through the underbrush. Not wishing to imperil a valuable life I hustled to one side and awaited

developments. In a minute a black bear broke through.

After him came Tom Wilson's grizzly. The grizzly was the faster sprinter, and a moment more a funeral would have been all that was

"The grizzly could n't climb."

coming to the black bear. But just in time he struck a tree big enough to bear his weight. Up it he scrambled. The grizzly could n't climb, so he stayed at the foot and growled.

"As soon as I took a good look at the black bear I recognized him. He was the oldest and most respected bear in the county, a bear who had lived there all his life and whom no one but that impudent Western grizzly would have thought of harming. And it was plain that, while he felt a little frightened, the main emotion of that venerable bear was anger and a sense of outraged dignity. He, a bear who had withstood the wiles of Pike County hunters for years, to be ignominiously chased and treed in this manner by a strange bear nearly twice his size, but without one half his intelligence! While at present the old black bear was principally occupied with keeping out the way of the grizzly, I felt certain he would have ample revenge in the end.

"'Unless I am mistaken in the character of that venerable bear,' I said to myself,

'swift bumps and painful experiences will teach Mr. Grizzly to regret he meddled with him.'

"That afternoon I went out into the lot back of my house to blow up some stumps with nitro-glycerine. I had the glycerine in a can, and, as I had use for it, would pour out a little into a small pan. I had been at work only a few minutes when I looked up, and there was that same black bear watching me with an expression of the most intent interest. He had evidently stayed up in the tree until the grizzly had grown tired and then had come down with revenge in his heart. I knew that kindly old black bear would n't harm me, so I went on blowing up stumps without paying any particular attention to him.

"Pretty soon the bear wandered over to the can of nitro-glycerine. He sniffed at it. Then he took a taste. Nitro-glycerine has a sort of sweet taste, but I was surprised at the look of joy which spread over that bear's intelligent countenance.

"'You had better leave that stuff alone,' I warned him. 'Nitro-glycerine is n't the proper health food for black bears. If you should swallow some of it and then happen to stumble or jar yourself, your honorable career would be brought to a sudden and expansive finish.'

"Maybe that worthy old bear didn't understand every word I said, but he certainly gathered in my meaning. His heart was set on having that nitro-glycerine, however, even if he did n't intend to use it himself. But he was a moral bear, a bear of good principles, and he felt it would n't be right to take my glycerine without giving me something in return. He gave one more longing look at the explosive and then piked off to the woods as fast as he could go.

"At first I was considerably puzzled to account for the actions of that black bear. He certainly knew too much to eat the nitroglycerine, and I could n't think of any use that even an animal of his wisdom could put

it to. Then I remembered the looks of hatred he had cast at that grizzly when up the tree.

"'He's preparing some kind of a surprise party for that grizzly,' I thought, 'and by the time Mr. Grizzly recovers from the surprise there won't be enough left of him for an inquest.'

"About half an hour later the black bear returned, carrying in his mouth the biggest and fattest coon I had seen for months. He laid the coon down by the can of nitroglycerine. Then he looked at me in an inquiring manner. I saw what he meant.

"'It's a fair exchange,' I said. 'Leave the coon, take the glycerine, and try and make life interesting for that big grizzly.'

"I was mighty curious to know what plan that good old bear had in his head, so I followed him. He carried the can of nitroglycerine to one of the paths frequented by the grizzly in his excursions for the purpose of teaching Pike County animals the strenuous life. Every little while the black bear

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would stop and chuckle to himself at the thought of the surprise he was preparing for his enemy. But he was mighty careful to put down the can of nitro-glycerine on these occasions, for he was a wise bear and appreciated that gleeful chuckles and nitro-

glycerine don't go well together. When he reached the path used by the grizzly he carefully opened up the can and left it standing in the middle of the path. Then he went quite a distance down the path to where there was a sharp curve. Just around the curve the black bear rolled a good-sized rock, so that



"Chuckle to himself."

it stood directly in the path. A person or animal running swiftly down the path and not knowing the rock was there would be certain to smash into it and get considerable of a jar. Having laid his trap, the black bear hurried back and hid himself about half way between the rock and the place where he had placed the can of nitro-glycerine.

"Along towards evening the grizzly came hulking down the path. He saw the nitroglycerine, smelled of it, and then tasted it. Grizzlies have quite a sweet tooth, and, after having once tasted the stuff, that big bear could n't rest until he had eaten every mouthful. When he finished he was a perfect example of an explosive bear.

"'If anything jars your feelings or stomach, my furry friend,' I remarked, but in low tones, 'you'll enter the bear happy

hunting grounds in detachments.'

"As soon as the big grizzly had eaten the explosive, the black bear made his appearance down the path and began to send out challenging growls. The grizzly looked up, and for a moment seemed stunned at the impudence of the smaller bear in growling at him. But the black bear did n't seem frightened. Instead, he stayed in the path and made insulting remarks in the bear language, and if he had n't been such a venerable and respectable bear, one would have said he was making faces at the grizzly. The grizzly did n't lose any time, but started down the path with the evident intention of giving the black bear a life lesson on the evils of insulting bigger bears.

"As soon as he saw the grizzly was fairly under way, the black bear turned and scampered down the path as fast as his short legs could carry him. The grizzly was gaining on him, but I noticed the black bear had allowed himself sufficient start so that there would be a good interval between them when Mr. Grizzly reached the rock. When he rounded the curve the black bear dodged into the bushes at one side. The grizzly was going too fast to turn, and of course he never suspected there was a big rock in the middle of his well-worn path, and he smashed into it at full speed.

"For about a minute there was a steady rain of grizzly. When it stopped the black bear emerged from the bushes. He had been considerably jarred himself by the explosion

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of the loaded grizzly. But he did n't mind that and was on hand with a bear gloat that it did a person's heart good to see. He fairly danced about the place where his



"For about a minute there was a steady rain of grizzly."

enemy had last been seen. I never saw a look of more perfect content on the face of any one, man or bear.

"'Grizzly bears are all right in their uncultured way,' that good bear seemed

to be saying to himself. 'But when they run against nitro-glycerine and the intelligence of Pike County bears, an explosion is the only funeral sermon coming to them.'

"Tom Wilson was considerably worried when his pet hunter did n't return home that night. The next day he started out to find him. He followed the grizzly's trail to where the explosion had occurred. Then he could n't understand what had happened.

"'I've heard of explosive tempers,' he said, puzzled-like, 'and my pet certainly had one. But this is the first time I ever heard of one tearing a hole in the ground.'

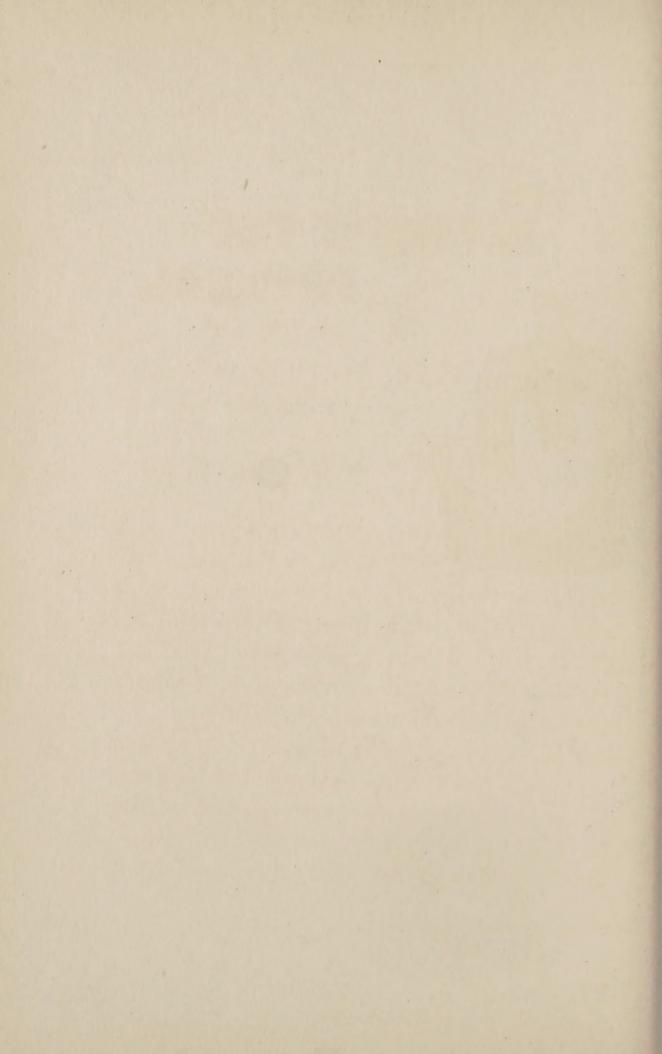
"I explained what had happened. Tom could hardly restrain his grief at the thought of his grizzly's fate.

"'His life was one long career of victory,' said Tom with tears in his eyes, 'but even a grizzly can't stand a diet of nitro-glycerine and hard knocks. I would inter him with

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honors if I could. But I would have to celebrate his obsequies over the bigger part of this county. And I'm not willing to conduct continuous performance funerals, even for the sake of my cherished pet."



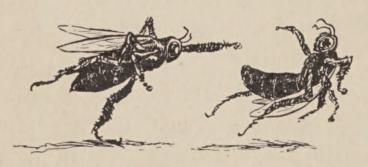


RAURIOF THE PRODICTY

NCLE TOMMY WILSON, who used to own the farm next to mine out in Iowa, was heart-broken when Buster, his head bee, abandoned him," said Squire Wilkins reflec-

tively to the crowd at the corner grocery store. "And when Buster returned to his duties, Uncle Tommy wept tears of pure joy, and would have fallen on his neck, if a bee's neck was built for such performances.

"Buster was the largest bee in Uncle Tommy's hives, and, although he fell from grace once, he was in the main a bee that knew his duty and attended to it. Every morning he would see that all the bees left the hives, routing out the lazy ones and making them do their share of work. All day he would sort of supervise things, and the bee that shirked, or didn't return at night with his load of honey, was pretty sure to hear from Buster in a manner that was more emphatic than pleasant. Then he would see that the queen bee was properly fed, and in



"More emphatic than pleasant."

other ways he acted like a bee who had his employer's interests at heart. Uncle Tommy thought the world of Buster.

"'There's a bee that's assimilated the bee "Message to Garcia" and lives up to it,' Uncle Tommy used to say in tones of honest pride. 'I can go away from home for a week at a time and never need to worry about my hives, or honey, or the condition

of my bees. Buster is n't anything especial to look at, but when it comes to bee brains he has any other bee in the State of Iowa left at the post.'

"But Buster had his weakness and fell

through over-indulgence.

"When the weather began to get a little cool the bees naturally let up some on their work. Uncle Tommy always was an enthusiast on the subject of having other people work hard and he was n't pleased when his bees took it easy. After thinking the matter over he hit on a plan to spur their flagging energies.

"'When I'm feeling a "What do I find helps me bit worn out,' said Uncle Tommy reflectively, 'what do I find helps me most?'

"'A big drink of red eye,' I answered prompt like. 'And it's often you feel worn out.'

"'Don't jeer at the feebleness of a tired and worthy old man,' replied Uncle Tommy in grieved tones. 'I'm meditating a scheme which may revolutionize the bee industry in the State of Iowa. The weather is getting cool, and naturally my bees are beginning to think it is time for them to ease up in their labors. But as the price of honey is advancing, it seems to me that it will be for the benefit of their worthy owner if they redouble their efforts. At the same time it would keep them from feeling lazy and have a commendable effect on their moral nature. give my bees a little stimulant each morning they will be anxious to work and won't be in any danger of catching cold in the damp dew.'

"So Uncle Tommy would put a little saucer full of whiskey and water in front of the hive each morning. The bees would take a sip before they began work, and the result was renewed energy on the part of the bees and an increase in the honey crop. But after a while Uncle Tommy noticed that

Buster would come back to the hive three or four times a day and buzz around on the inside as if he was inspecting things. Then he would take a sip of the whiskey and water and fly back to see that the other bees were doing their share of the work. Uncle Tommy was pleased at what he considered Buster's interest in the business.

"'There's a bee among a thousand,' Uncle Tommy used to say. 'A bee who has his owner's interests at heart, not a mere eye-servant bee. Buster knows that I trust him to see that everything is all right about the hive, and

Buster

instead of putting in the whole day roaming the fields, he comes humming back and makes a personal inspection so as to be sure nothing has gone wrong. A person can't help respecting a bee like that.'

"I had been watching Buster, and it didn't seem to me that it was simply a desire to inspect the interior of the hive that called him from the fields.

"'I notice that every time your pet bee comes back he makes a dive for the whiskey and water,' I told Uncle Tommy. 'He certainly is a bee of talents, but he 's not what you would call a blue-ribbon bee. It 's my opinion that his inspection of the hive is a little bluff on the part of the honored Buster.'

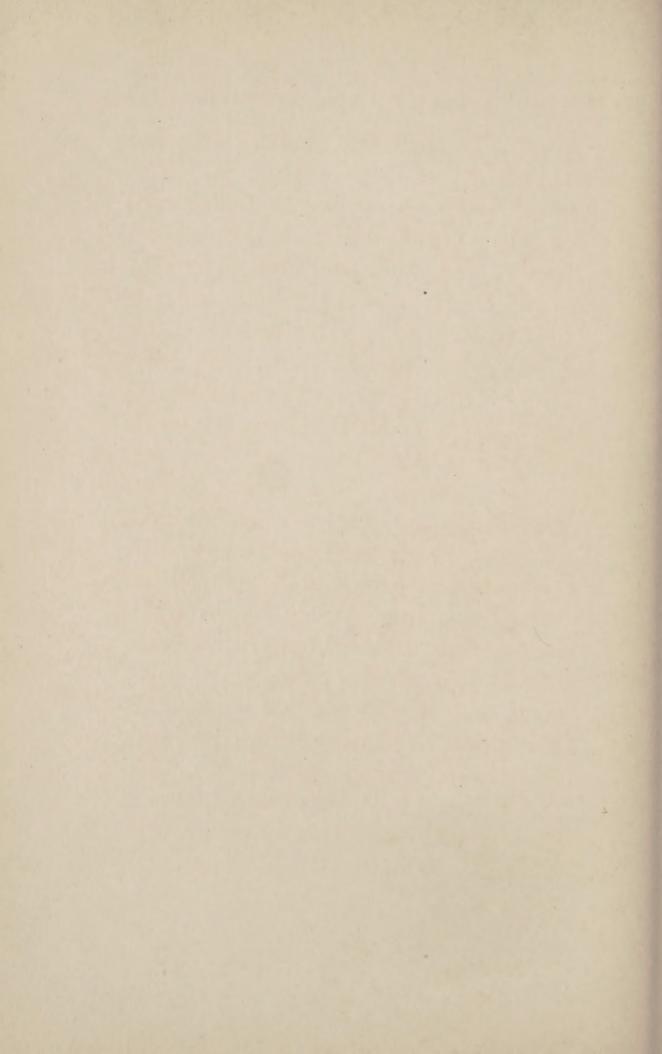
"Uncle Tommy was more grieved than if I had attacked his religion.

"'Don't abuse Buster, Squire,' he answered plaintively. 'I don't like to hear him slandered. If he takes a little sip of stimulants it's only for the purpose of gaining new vitality and working harder.'

"While Buster seemed able to attend to his work, it was evident that he was getting to be the proprietor of a thirst which would have been a credit to a bee twice his weight. Each day he wanted more whiskey and water. Finally he fell from grace. The day had been warmer than usual and Buster had been hitting the stimulant game hard. Just before supper Uncle Tommy strolled over to



"Buster had evidently been imbibing until he was tangled in his dates."



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the hive. The sight that met his eyes was a sad one.

"Buster had evidently been imbibing until he was tangled in his dates. It was time for the bees to quit work and turn in for the night, but Buster thought it was morning and time to begin work. He had taken his stand in front of the entrance to the hive,

and every time a bee tried to go in Buster would tackle him and drive the poor, perplexed bee away. But he had such a cargo that he could n't quite while he would stumble and fall off the shelf in front of the hive. Uncle Tommy at first thought his pet was sick. Then he noticed all the whiskey and water was gone, and he realized that it was a bee jag, not illness, that caused Buster's queer actions. He was mad clear through.

"'A bee that I have trained, and trusted, and praised,' said Uncle Tommy indignantly. 'And now you go and make an exhibition of

yourself in this way. What will the other bees think of your actions? How much sharper than a serpent's tooth is a renegade bee!'

"Buster seemed to understand the tenor of Uncle Tommy's remarks, and he made a big effort to brace up. It was a pretty successful one, too, and except for a little shakiness in his legs no one would have suspected the prize bee was carrying such a load. Then Buster crawled up to Uncle Tommy, penitent like, and tried to make him understand that he was sorry he had sinned. But Uncle Tommy was too angry at the evil conduct of Buster to respond to his penitent advances. Instead he just brushed the bee to the ground. Buster flew up again to the shelf in front of the hive, but Uncle Tommy brushed him off.

"'This is a hive for respectable bees,' said Uncle Tommy severely. 'No buzzing tanks, or bees who disgrace themselves by miscalculating their capacity, are allowed in this hive. Seek some bee gold cure, and don't come near me again until you are thoroughly reformed.'

"Buster made a couple more ineffectual attempts to crawl into the hive, or on Uncle Tommy's hand, and tell him how sorry he was. But Uncle Tommy would have nothing to do with him, and at last Buster gave a pathetic little buzz and flew away in a mighty saddened manner. I told Uncle Tommy he had been too severe on his pet bee.

""Who was it that put whiskey and water in front of the hive of those virtuous bees, and so led Buster to fall from grace?' I asked him. 'You were the guilty party, not that poor, innocent little bee, who in his desire to work for you took a little too much stimulant. Supposing you were turned out of your happy home every time you made a similar mistake? It would be a good imitation of a continuous performance vaudeville. You ought to have remembered your own failings and been lenient towards the abused Buster.'

"'But he was the foreman of the bees,' objected Uncle Tommy. 'A bee holding a responsible position. I would soon have every bee on my farm drunk if I hadn't reproved him,—although perhaps I was a little harsh in driving him away.'

"After this everything seemed to go wrong with Uncle Tommy's bee industry. The bees had fallen into the habit of looking up to Buster and following his directions about the work, and now that he was not there to keep an eye on them they grew more shiftless every day. Then Uncle Tommy supplied them with more stimulants. The bees were perfectly willing to imbibe all the booze he would put in front of the hives, but when it came to hard work they were n't in the entry list. Uncle Tommy's supply of honey kept falling off, and to add to the bitterness of the situation the market price was rising. The good man was in despair.

"'It's a judgment on me,' he said plaintively, 'for being too harsh to the departed

Buster. If I could once more hear his joyful buzz I would welcome him with open arms and not protest if he rolled up a jag every day. Even if Buster was a little thirsty, he always took care that the rest of the bees attended to business and did n't imbibe more than was good for them. A few more weeks of the present régime will turn my former band of industrious workers into a collection of hobo bees. If they keep on the way they are going, I would n't be surprised to see them growing long beards and voting the populist ticket.'

"One evening when Uncle Tommy was wandering about his orchard in a disconsolate manner he noticed a big bee flying near him. The bee appeared to be doubtful whether to approach. Uncle Tommy did n't pay much attention to him, supposing it was some belated bee that had n't returned to the hive with the rest. But the strange bee kept flying nearer and nearer, and at last Uncle Tommy saw it was the long lost Buster. Uncle Tommy was the happiest bee owner in the State of Iowa.

"'Come to my arms,' he exclaimed, as if the bee could understand him. 'Return to the man who owns you and the past will be forgiven.'

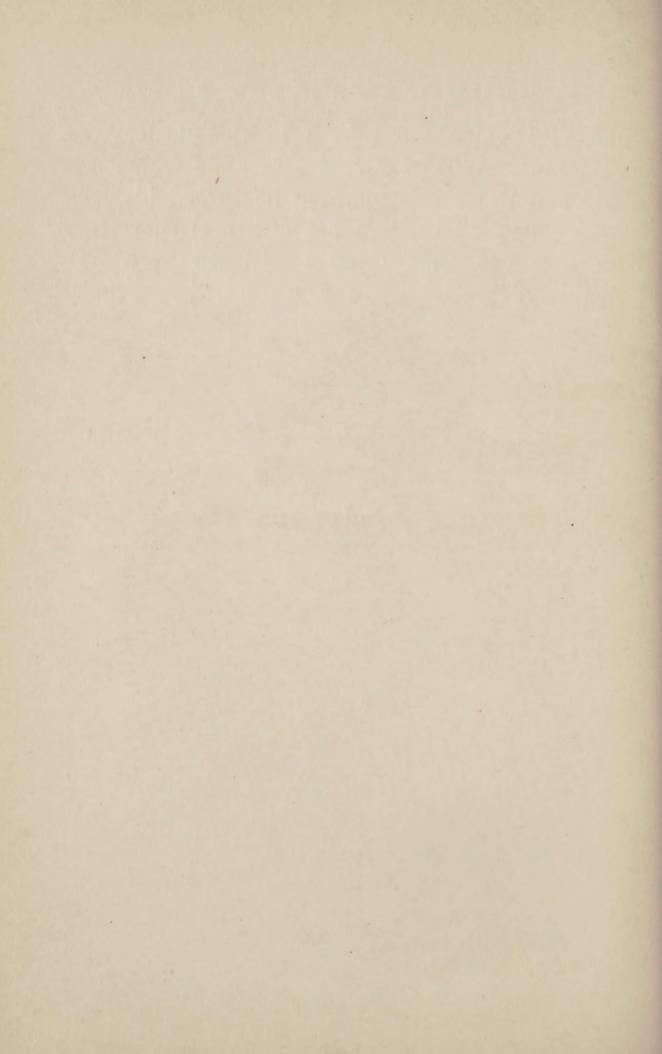
"Buster could n't exactly come to Uncle Tommy's arms, bees not being built on that plan. But he flew over and lit on Uncle Tommy's shoulder and then buzzed about his head in a manner that showed how glad he was to be home again.

"The next day Buster routed out every bee and saw that they all turned in and did their little stunt gathering honey. In the afternoon I called on Uncle Tommy. I found him out in the field, watching his bees gather honey. The busiest bee in the whole bunch was the reformed Buster. Uncle Tommy's face wore a look of placid content.

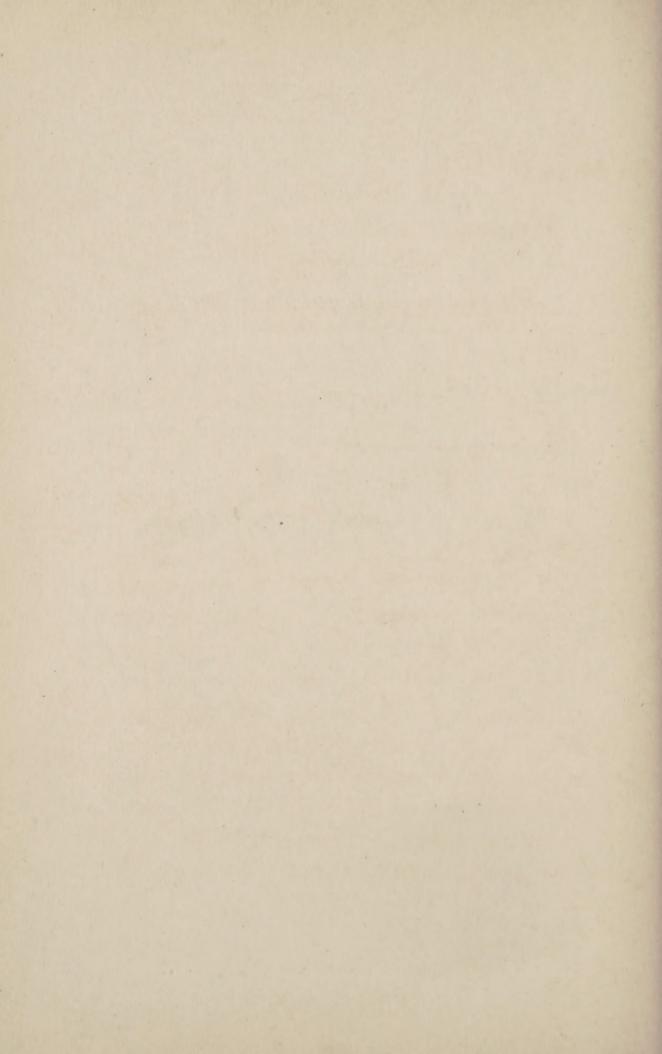
"'The prodigal has returned,' he said, and your Uncle Tommy's bee industry is once more flourishing. But, more than the

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honey, I value the reform in the Buster character. When I offered him some whiskey and water this morning he turned his back on it. There's a bee of moral character, a bee that could be trusted in a distillery."







PARE OF THE BALLOOKIST DOG.



HE man who thinks wild animals can't reason because they have n't had a college education is likely in the end to acquire sudden and ex-

pensive experience," observed the old guide pensively. "An old wolf may not understand all the principles of chemistry, but he has a knowledge of the world that amounts to the same thing. It was an undue contempt for the intelligence of wild creatures that plucked the laurels from the brow of Bitters, old Jedekiah Williams' famous hunt-

ing dog.

"The wolves have been pretty well cleaned out of the North Woods now. A few years ago they were more abundant and considerable of a nuisance. The State paid a bounty, the fur sold for a fair price, and Jedekiah was making good money at the wolf hunting game. He used to track the wolves with dogs, and then when the wolf was cornered shoot it. But there was one part of the business he looked on with growing distaste, and that was the fact that Jedekiah Williams had to do considerable trudging through the woods to capture each wolf.

"'Dogs being the natural enemies of wolves,' Jedekiah said thoughtfully to me one day, 'it seems as if there ought to be some way in which they could be taught to kill the wolves and bring the bodies back home. In that way the time I spend blithely chasing over hills and dales after big gray wolves might be devoted to the advancement

of the human race, or at any rate to the comfort of Jedekiah Williams. And there would be good money in it for me,' he added pensively.

"'You have no call to blame your poor dogs,' I told him. 'They're willing to catch wolves and bring the bodies home. The trouble is that the dogs that can run fast enough to catch a wolf are n't strong enough

to kill one, while the fighting dogs that could kill a wolf can't catch one.'

"While Jedekiah and I were discussing the problem, Bitters came strolling up.



Bitters was a cross between a bulldog and a wolf-hound. When it came to a fight Bitters was in a class all by himself. But he was too heavily built to be much good as a hunting dog, unless a wolf had been cornered so it could n't run away. Then Bitters would sail in and give an example of how the strenuous life ought to be led. And when he had finished his lesson it was a case of another job

for some wolf undertaker. Jedekiah looked at Bitters in a saddened sort of way.

"'That noble creature has the jaws and the disposition to carry out my labor-saving, wolf-killing scheme,' said Jedekiah, 'but his body is too heavy for his legs. If Bitters was only a sprinter he could make things interesting for the coyest and most retiring wolf in the North Woods.'

"The next day Jedekiah came over to my house with the joyous, triumphant air of a man who has solved a great problem.

"'If you wanted to soar above the earth,' inquired Jedekiah anxiously, 'what means would you use?'

"I was quite a bit puzzled at his question, never having given the earth-soaring problem much consideration. Finally I said I thought I should use a balloon.

"'To be sure,' replied Jedekiah in relieved tones, 'that's just what I was thinking myself. Now the trouble with Bitters is that he is too heavy. I'm thinking that if he had a few balloons attached to him

he would be more efficient as a hunting dog.'

"'And do you mean to send that poor dog up in the air attached to a balloon?' I inquired, puzzled like. 'Looked at as a dog Bitters is a big-jawed success. But he can never make good in the rôle of a soaring bird.'

"'I don't mean to send him clear up in the air,' said Jedekiah, sort of impatiently; 'it's wolves, not humming birds, that I am after. And with the help of a few balloons and training at the hands of your Uncle Jedekiah, Bitters will be able to make life interesting for the most blasé of wolves.'

"The next time Jedekiah went to the city he had a couple of small balloons made. They were about the size of ordinary toy balloons, but made in the shape of sausages. When he returned he filled the balloons with gas and put them on Bitters, placing them around his body near the fore and hind legs. At first Bitters did n't take kindly to the game. But after a little he noticed how

much lighter they made him and how much easier it was for him to walk and run, and he went tiptoeing around like a dog that has recovered his lost doghood. Then Jedekiah set to work teaching Bitters to run at the top of his speed. It took the dog a little while to get accustomed to the change in his gravity, but after a few days he began to establish new records in the heavyweight dog sprinting line, until there was n't a dog in the county that could outrun him.

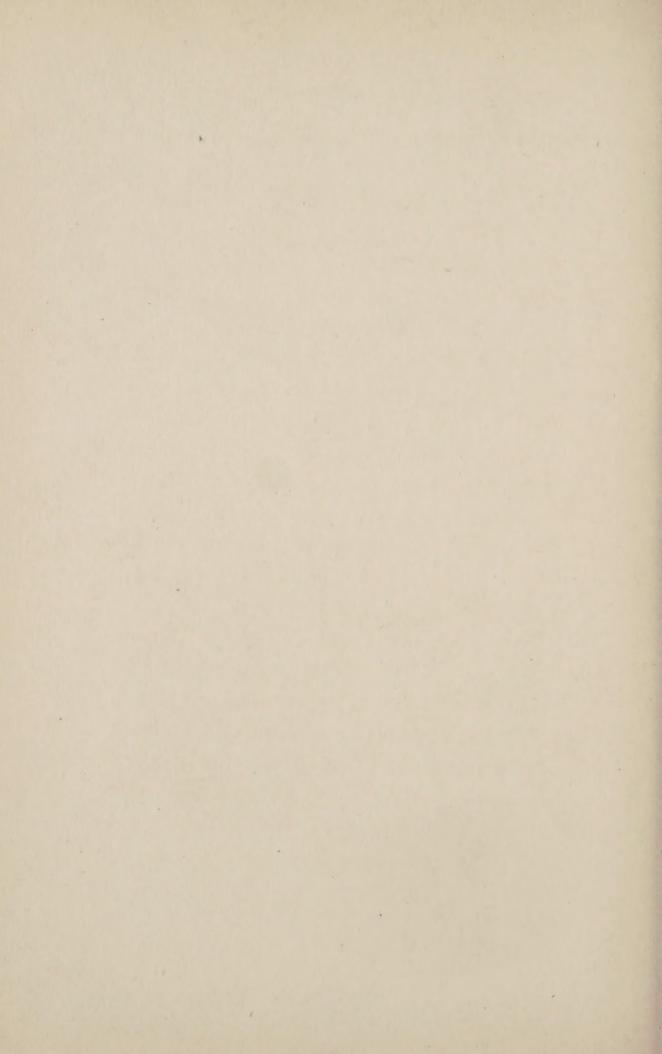
"Jedekiah was a pleased and proud man.
'It's intellect, not smokeless powder, that makes a great hunter in this century,' he said complacently.

"As soon as Jedekiah judged Bitters' education was complete he took him to the woods and turned him loose on the trail of a wolf.

"'Go forth,' he said impressively, as if Bitters could understand him, 'to the woods and earn glory for yourself and bounties for your owner by extending the blessings of civilization to benighted wolves. But be



"New records in the heavy-weight dog sprinting line."



sure you bring the bodies back home. For I need the money,' he added, feelingly.

"There's no denying Bitters was a success at the wolf-hunting game. With the handicap of his weight taken off by the balloons he could outrun any wolf. When he caught up to the wolf Bitters would sail right into him. His bulldog blood stood him in good stead when it came to the fighting part. Ordinarily a wolf is more than a match for a dog. But painful experiences soon convinced the wolves in that part of the district that suicide was their only escape from death at the jaws of Bitters, when once he got started on their trail. Uncle Jedekiah was in a state of perpetual gloat.

"'There is n't a lighter-bodied or lighter-hearted dog in the State than Bitters,' Jedekiah used to say, expanding his chest. 'Regular work, good meals, and the reward of an approving conscience! If the Humane Society appreciated what I have done for that dog's happiness they would send me a purse of gold and a bunch of medals. And I

can't say that I've lost any money at the game either.'

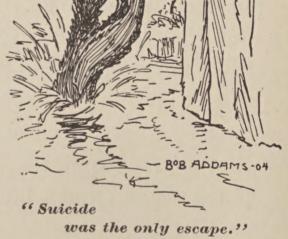
"After a few months it got so that the wolves in that part of the State appreciated Bit-

ters' abilities and began to make themselves scarce. There was one old wolf, though, who had lived in the woods all his life and plainly had n't any intention of being driven out, even by a balloon-assisted dog. Bitters having done his duty in

clearing out the other wolves, I thought it was about time for Jedekiah to take a hand in

the game with his rifle.

"'Bitters and his balloons are wonders in their way,' I told Jedekiah. 'But he is only a dog after all. That wolf means to stay here until he is



killed. If you help your noble dog you can soon corner the furry marauder. But if you leave the job to the unassisted intelligence of Bitters you will be mourning the downfall and disgrace of the noble creature.'



"At first Jedekiah was inclined to listen to my words of kindly warning. He got out his rifle and started to accompany Bitters on a hunting expedition after the old wolf. Then he noticed that there had been quite a fall of snow, making the walking bad, and Jedekiah changed his mind.

"'It would hurt the feelings of my esteemed Bitters,' he said decidedly, putting up his rifle and returning to his seat in front of the fire, 'if I should go with him. He would think I was casting reflections on his ability to kill any wolf in the North Woods.'

"So Jedekiah sent Bitters after the wolf. Bitters, having unlimited confidence in his own ability, was perfectly willing to under-

take the job.

"But the old wolf had been taking a whirl at the thinking game on his own account. He evidently appreciated that it was the balloons which enabled Bitters to make such speed, and somehow he also appreciated the fact that a little touch of fire would destroy the balloons. And the sly old animal laid his plans accordingly.

"The wolf showed himself as soon as Bitters was clear of the house. Bitters gave chase. The wolf ran up the side of the

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mountain, heading to where a party of lumbermen had left a camp fire burning. He made a dash over the fire, which was only blazing slightly. Bitters was close behind him and went over the fire, too. Then there was a little puff, a blaze of flame as the little balloons took fire, and Bitters seemed to lose



"He made a dash over the fire."

interest in the chase after the wolf. Instead he rolled over on the snow and howled. Then he looked at the charred shreds of what had been the covers of the balloons. He was the most astonished and disgusted dog in the North Woods. And the old wolf sat down in the snow a few yards away and you could

tell from the expression on his face that he was just laughing at Bitters.

"As soon as Bitters had recovered from his surprise he started after the wolf again. But without his balloons he was just an ordinary, rather heavy dog when it came to running.



"Bitters was through with them."

The wolf simply played tag with the outraged Bitters, until Jedekiah's pet abandoned the hunt in disgust and sadly returned home. As soon as Jedekiah saw the remnants of the balloons he knew what had happened.

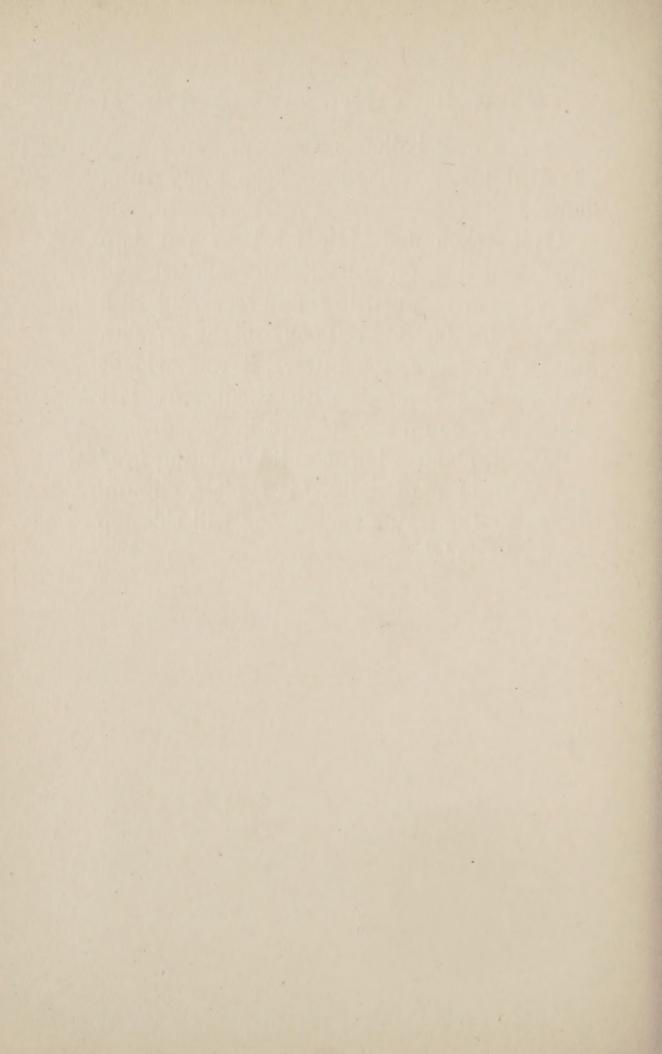
"'Never mind, my abused and faithful assistant,' said Jedekiah consolingly, 'I'll

get some new balloons for you. In future you will know enough to keep away from flames.'

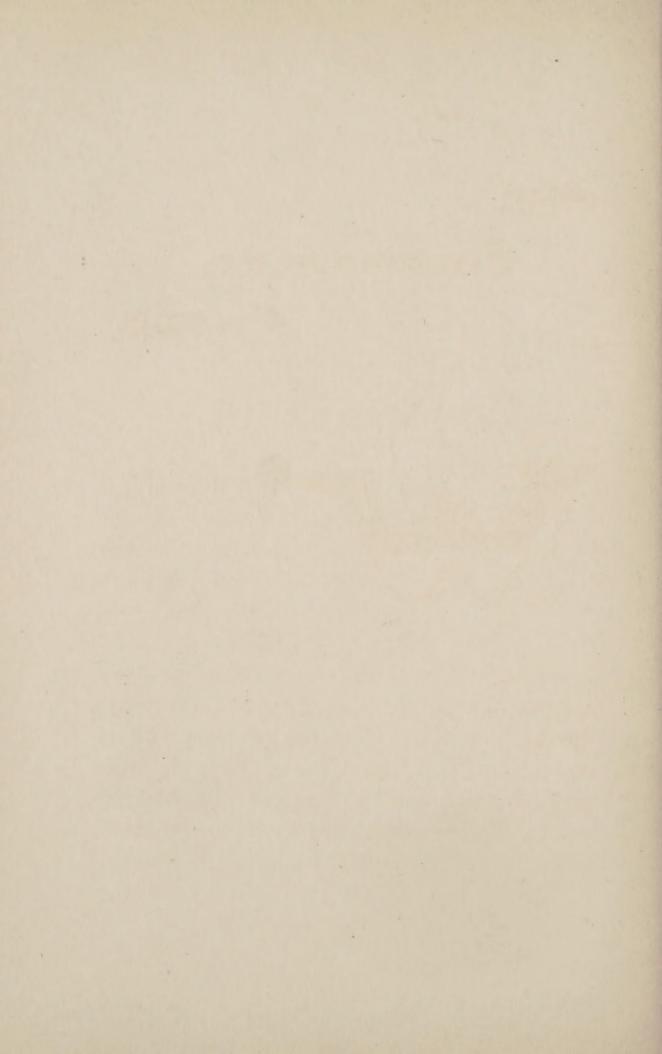
"But when Jedekiah tried to put two other balloons on Bitters the abused dog backed away, growling and snarling and showing his teeth. Balloons might go with other dogs, but as for Bitters, it was evident that he was through with them. At last Jedekiah gave up the attempt in despair.

"'Talk about a burnt child dreading fire," said the old man sadly, 'it is n't a circumstance to the way a singed dog will sidestep

toy balloons."







THE



HEN it grew near the end of the season, the last year I was up in the woods," said the old guide

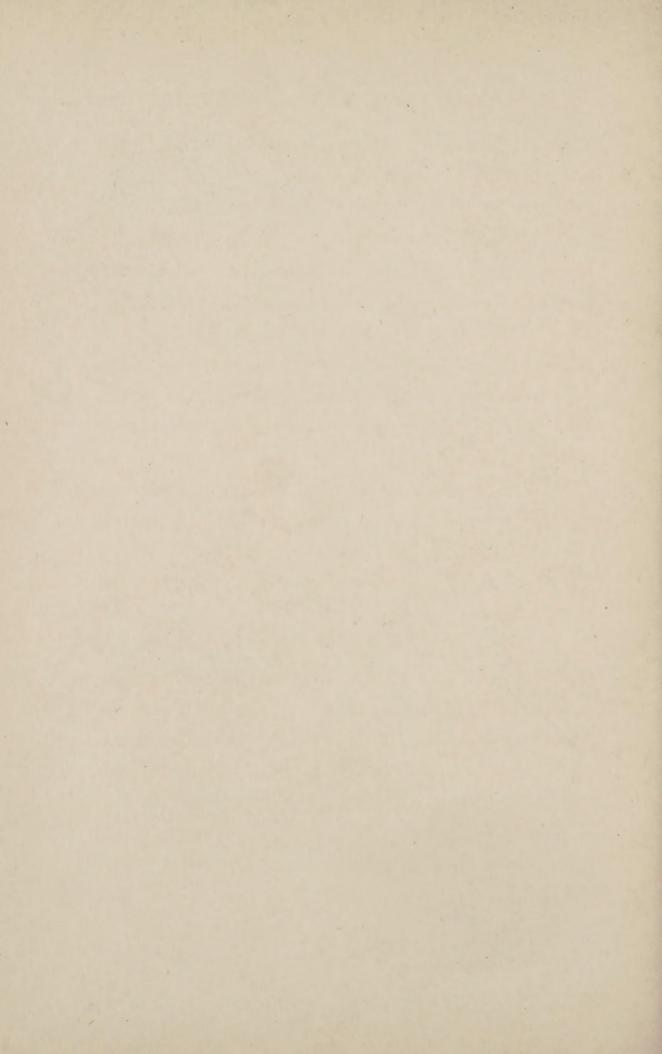
reminiscently, "Tom Ferguson used to hang around the camp, a mighty saddened and disconsolate man. The winter was coming on, when there would be no more hunters to guide, and, ponder over the subject as he would, Tom could n't see any escape from going to work. This cut him to the heart.

"'Here are these woods full of lazy wild animals,' Tom said one day bitterly, 'any one of which would, or at any rate ought, to be proud of the privilege of working for honest old Tom Ferguson. But how to bring that fact home to their benighted minds is a problem. Now, look at that eagle,' he added in saddened tones, pointing to a big, bald-headed eagle that was circling over our heads, 'that bird flies out from his nest in the morning, captures a duck, and then does nothing more for three or four hours. Shiftless, worthless creature, he would be happier and healthier if he put in eight hours a day steadily and then turned in the extra birds he caught to Tom Ferguson.'

"'The eagle is the national bird,' I responded severely. 'Such talk as yours comes pretty near being treason. And it is a slander on the character of respectable eagles. Just at this time of year an eagle does n't have to work hard. But when winter really sets in there is n't a better feathered example of the strenuous life than the abused



"Captured one of the eaglets."



eagle. Even with his eyesight he sometimes has to fly miles and miles before he can see an unwary duck or heron.'

"My words seemed to make quite an impression on Tom, and he pondered over them in his solemn manner all that evening. The next day he was hired as guide by a man who has quite a name as an optician. All morning it was evident Tom had some idea in his mind, and when they were eating lunch he broke out.

"'Is there any way in which an eagle's eyesight could be improved?' Tom asked sort of doubtfully.

"The optician was considerably surprised at the question.

"'I live in the city,' he said, 'and if you think eagles are in the habit of strolling into my consulting room and asking for a pair of spectacles, or to having their eyes examined, you are off in your calculations. Still, if you know of some ailing eagle who has trouble in reading the *Eagles' Evening News*, send him to me and I will do my best for him,' he added sort of sarcastically.

"But Tom was in earnest about the matter and asked if an eagle that had acquired the habit of using field glasses would n't be able to see farther than if he used his naked eye.

"'Probably he would,' replied the optician in rather doubtful tones, 'but have the eagles in these woods exhibited any yearning for field glasses? You know more about them than I do, but it don't seem to me that there will be much of a field for the Eagle Field Glass industry you are contemplating. The average eagle is pretty well satisfied with his eyesight as it is.'

"Tom was positive he had hit upon a great labor-saving scheme, so he was n't the man to give it up. He sent down to the city and ordered a pair of small but powerful field glasses. Then he climbed up to an eagle's nest that he had had his eye on for some time and captured one of the eaglets. Tom brought the eaglet home and began training it. The first thing was to get the eaglet to look on him as his friend and to regard the Ferguson house as his home. This was n't hard, for Tom fed him regularly and, despite his mean traits, there's no denying Tom Ferguson had great and undoubted gifts when it came to training animals or birds. After the eagle was tame Tom began to teach him to use the field glasses. Tom would put the glasses to his own eyes and take a general survey of the country, the bird watching him closely. Then he would hold the glasses in front of the eaglet. Eagles are imitative birds, and mighty intelligent, and it was n't long before Tom's pet recognized that he could see a good deal farther with the field glasses. Then Tom hung the glasses about the bird's neck and in a little while the eagle got so that he would pick the glasses up in one claw, hold them to his eyes, and spend hours exploring the country round about.

"By the time the eagle reached this stage he was pretty well grown and the winter had really set in. Tom judged it was time to put his protégé's training to some practical advantage. "Scientific instruments, loving care, and training under the eye of the best guide in the North Woods have been lavished on you,' he said to the eagle.

'Seek the freedom of the skies and search for birds.

This is your home, so bring the trophies of the chase

back here. I prefer ducks, but I'll take anything. We'll divide the spoils between us, and I'll take care that the good man who owns you don't get the worst end of it.'

"The eagle flew up. As soon as he was clear of the ground he lifted the glasses to his eyes and began his search for secluded ducks. Tom's idea of using the field glasses evidently was a good one. Another eagle had been flying about, high in

"Search
for
birds."

air, looking for game and not finding any. But the minute Tom's bird was fairly up, with the increased field given him by the glasses, he saw a duck and started for it. Tom felt mighty proud over the success of his experiment.

"'Men have talked about kindness to dumb creatures for years,' he said, swelling out his chest. 'But it was reserved for honest old Tom Ferguson to do something practical to aid poor, suffering eagles in winter time. With the aid of his own keen vision and those field glasses my pet can see any duck that is unlucky enough to stray into this part of the State. Ducks for the eagle and the reward of an approving conscience and good money for Tom Ferguson will be the results of my humane scheme.'

"The duck that the trained eagle started after was evidently a long ways off, for it had been out of sight of the other eagle. But eagles are swift flyers, and it was n't long before Tom's pet came winging back, the duck in his claws and the field glasses

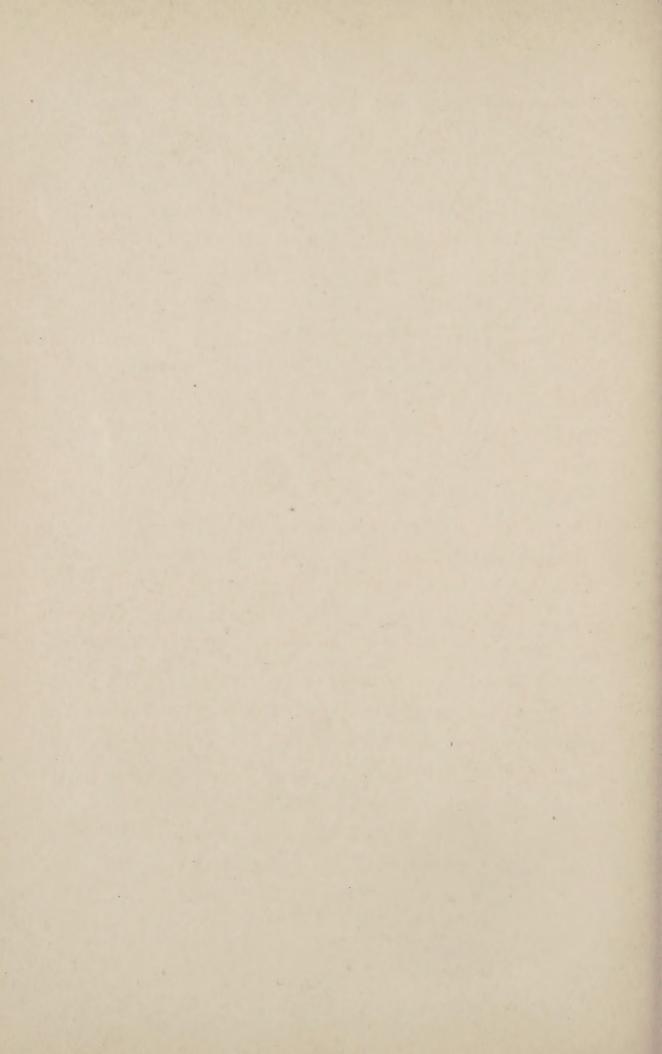
dangling from his neck. He deposited the duck in Tom's yard. Then he started to eat it. But Tom did n't see it that way.

"'You don't seem to appreciate the fact that you owe me for board and lodging and training, besides the rent of the field glasses,' he remarked to the eagle. 'I have a lien on this and a good many other ducks. Just extend your pinions again and search for fresh victims for the Ferguson-Trained Eagle combination.'

"The tame eagle didn't seem over and above pleased at having the duck snatched away. But he was n't a bad-hearted bird, and he evidently felt that there was something due Tom for his trouble in training him. So off the eagle flew, and about an hour later returned with a second duck. This one Tom let him eat in peace. Through the day the eagle hunted, taking alternate ducks until he had eaten all that he cared for. Then Tom claimed all the birds that were captured, and the good-natured eagle didn't make any protest.



"The eagle worked regularly."



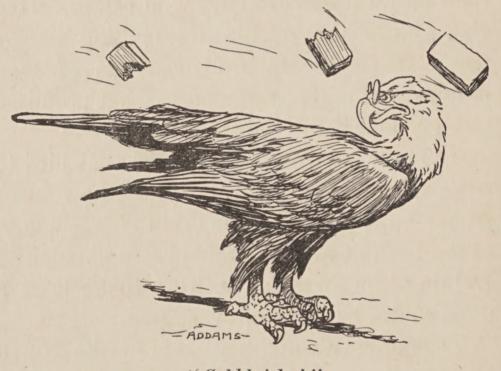
"For nearly a month that eagle hunted for Tom Ferguson. The combination of an eagle's naturally keen sight and a pair of good field glasses made it possible for him to spot any duck for miles around. The eagle worked regularly and caught more birds than half a dozen ordinary wild eagles. Tom was selling the ducks and making money fast. Then the inborn meanness of man cropped out and put an end to what promised to be a flourishing industry.

"'There is n't any occasion for that bird to eat a whole duck every other time he returns from a hunting trip,' Tom said to me one day. 'I've been at all the trouble and expense of training him and I'm entitled to at least a duck and a half out of every two.'

"'There is n't another eagle in the North Woods that would work for you the way that bird does,' I told Tom. 'Not a day has he missed, and he has n't once been late for work. If any one ever deserved a raise of pay that eagle of yours does. Even an eagle who uses a field glass won't stand it to be

imposed upon, and if you cut down the food supply there is sure to be trouble. An eagle that feels he has been gold-bricked is a mean customer to deal with.'

"But Tom allowed he could fix it so that the eagle would n't know he was n't getting



"Gold-bricked."

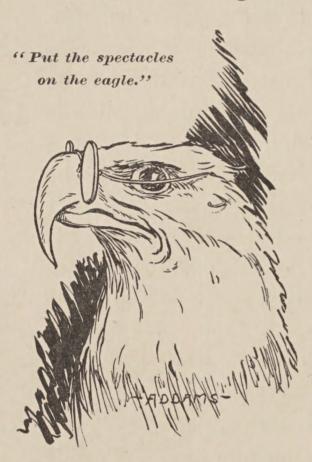
his share of the ducks. So Tom took a trip to the city and bought a pair of spectacles, the kind that magnify. The next time the eagle brought back a duck Tom slipped the spectacles over his beak. Then he cut the duck in two and gave the eagle half of it. The other half he reserved for the use of 'honest old Tom Ferguson,' as he called himself.

"It was pathetic to see the puzzled, perplexed expression on that poor eagle's face when he commenced eating his half duck. He was accustomed to a whole duck, but the spectacles made the half look as big as a whole one. He looked at Tom as if he wanted advice on the subject. Tom did n't say a word, but went on placidly smoking his pipe. That eagle trusted Tom Ferguson. When Tom did n't make a move the eagle turned in and ate the half duck. He was n't quite satisfied, though, for while it looked as if he had eaten his usual quantity of duck, his appetite showed him this wasn't so. Then he flew off to catch more game for his selfish owner.

"'That bird will never know the difference,' said Tom, chuckling with glee as he watched the poor, hungry bird flying away. 'And he will be a healthier and happier bird

if he keeps in good condition and doesn't overeat.'

"Tom was always careful to put the spectacles on the eagle before he fed him, and



while the poor bird was growing thin, perhaps he would n't have discovered the deceit if it had n't been for an accident. One day, while the eagle was eating, a party of lumbermen went past the house. There was the eagle, spectacles on his beak, tearing away at half a duck. It certainly was a

ridiculous sight, and the lumbermen laughed until they were most sick. An eagle hates to be laughed at, especially when he is eating. Tom's pet stood it as long as he could. Then he raised his head with a quick motion as if

he was considering whether to fly away or do battle with the men who were jeering at him. The little jerk he gave as he raised his head shook off the glasses. The eagle looked at the piece of duck, which seemed to have shrunk in size. Then he looked at the spectacles. After his experience in using field glasses he knew in an instant that he had been grossly deceived by Tom Ferguson, the man he had trusted and for whom he had worked so faithfully.

"Tom had seen the spectacles fall off and came running up to put them on again. But the enraged eagle was too quick for him. He flew up in the air, taking the spectacles with him. When he was about a hundred yards up he dropped the spectacles. They struck a stone and broke to pieces. Then the eagle flew up higher. He fumbled at the cord by which the field glasses were tied about his neck. In a moment with the help of his beak and claws he had cut through it. Then he sailed about in the air until he was directly over the place where he had been

accustomed to deposit his ducks. He let go of the cord. The field glasses fell, striking almost at Tom Ferguson's feet, and were smashed into a hundred pieces. The eagle gave one last look at the scene of his former labors and flew away to the north.

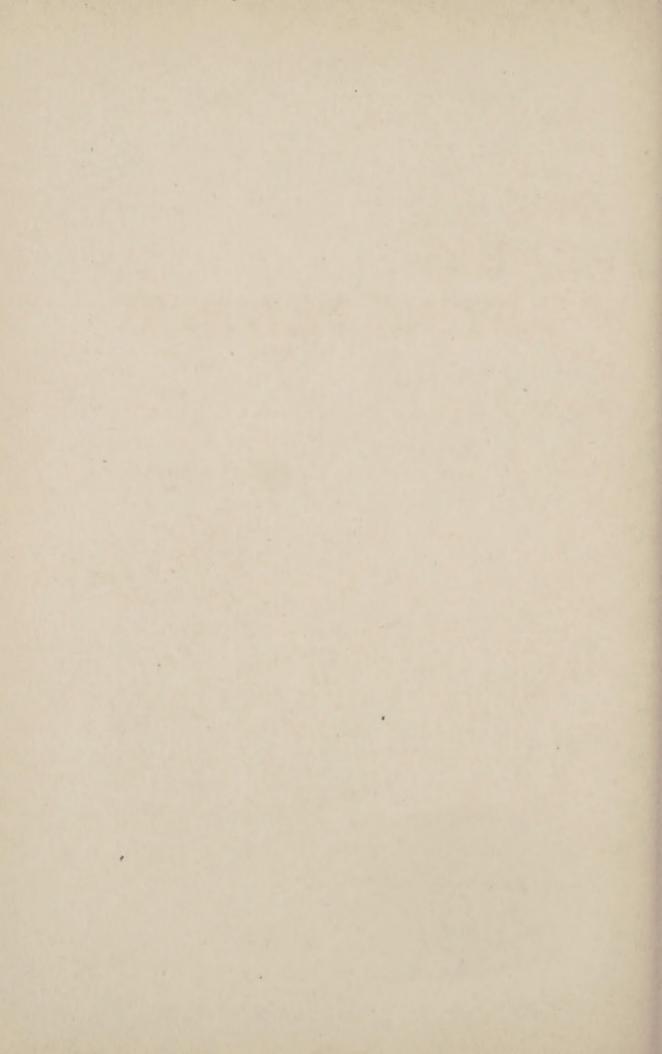
"Tom was wild with rage.

"'Wicked, thieving, ungrateful bird,' he shouted, shaking his fist at the rapidly disappearing eagle. 'Not content with striking in the middle of my busy season, you destroy my spectacles and field glasses, the capital that I had invested in the business.'

"But no one had much sympathy for Tom Ferguson.

"'It serves you right,' said one of the lumbermen decidedly. 'Any man who tries to deceive a poor eagle by means of half portions and spectochave his plant wrecked when the strike comes.'"





CABLE CABLE LATING FERRER.



UNCLE BILLY ATKINSON, who used to live near my farm out in Indiana, had the nucleus of a great industry in his ratferret, cable-laying combination," said Squire Wilkins reminiscently. "But the spitefulness of Pete Johnson put an end to

"One afternoon Uncle Billy strolled down to the village, and, as he always took a heartfelt

what promised to be a flourish-

delight in seeing other people work, he put in most of the afternoon watching a gang of men lay a cable through a telephone



conduit. They could lay the cable through only one length of pipe at a time, and this was pretty slow work. By-and-by Uncle Billy had an idea.

"'It would be easier if you could put the cable through a whole row of pipes at once, would n't it?' he inquired.

"'It certainly would,' answered the foreman, sarcastic like. 'But that's a four-inch pipe, and the smallest man in my gang is eight inches thick. It's against the rules of the company to send an eight-inch man through a four-inch pipe. It would be likely to strain the pipe.'

"Uncle Billy did n't say much, but it was evident he was doing some steady thinking. That afternoon I dropped over to his barn.

The rats had been annoying him considerably, and Uncle Billy was hunting them with the aid of a ferret. At one end of the barn was a hole about four inches in diameter, and as fast as the rats were driven from the corn they would pike down that hole.

After Uncle Billy had cleaned out
the barn pretty well he sent the
ferret down the hole. The rats had
considerable to say
for the next
few minutes, but
marks did n't

"Pike down that hole."

sound in the nature of a joyous welcome to the ferret. Pretty soon the ferret climbed out, a little bruised, but licking his lips, and with the self-satisfied air of a ferret who has done his work and done it well. Uncle Billy looked at the ferret admiringly.

"'There is n't another ferret in the State

of Indiana that has the intelligence of this animal of mine,' said Uncle Billy complacently. 'When your Uncle Billy brings a few rats, that ferret, and his own massive intellect into play, he's going to revolutionize the telephone-cable-laying industry.'

"The next day Uncle Billy caught a few big rats alive in a trap. After a little difficulty he managed to tie a long piece of cord

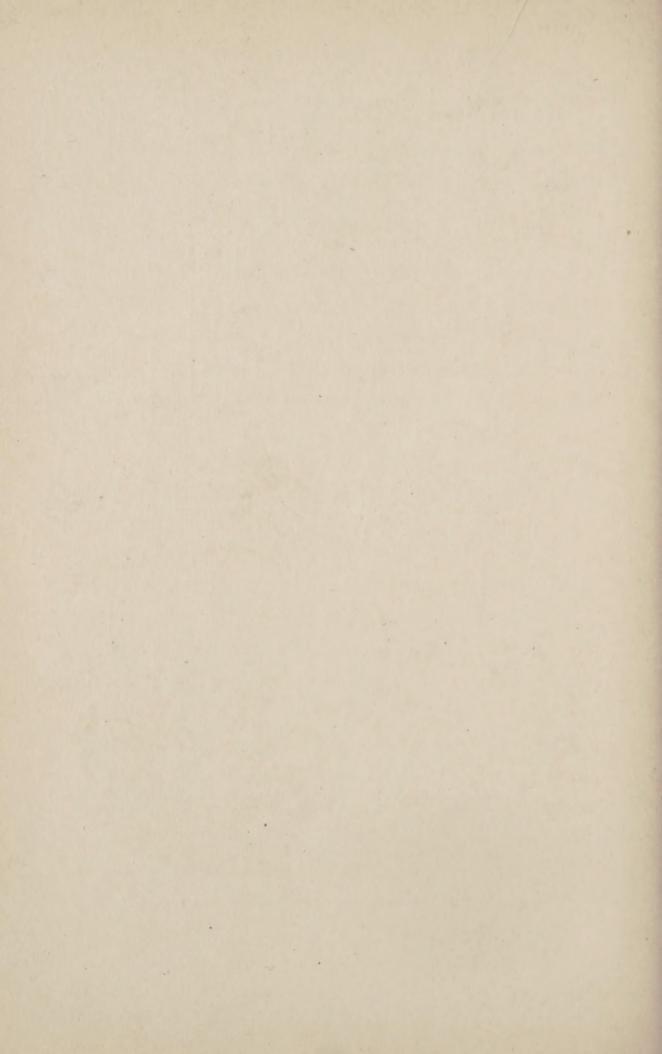


"The beauty of a strenuous life."

about the body of each rat. Then he began training the ferret. He would let a rat loose on the floor of the barn. The ferret, after the manner of his race, would start right in giving the rat lessons on the beauty of a strenuous life. But Uncle Billy, with the aid of a fishing pole, would keep the ferret off until the rat got started down the hole. This method did n't please the ferret, who had always supposed it was his duty to kill



"Uncle Billy, accompanied by his trained ferret."



rats as quickly as possible, wherever he found them. But the ferret was an animal of unusual abilities, and it was n't long before Uncle Billy had impressed the idea on him that his play was to drive any rats he might see down the nearest hole. Then Uncle Billy judged the ferret's education was complete.

"One afternoon Uncle Billy, accompanied by his trained ferret, and bearing on his arm a covered basket containing a number of rats with strings tied about their bodies, strolled down to where they were laying the telephone conduits. It was pretty slow work, and Uncle Billy looked on scornful-like.

"'Those eight-inch men of yours are doing the best they can,' he finally said to the foreman. 'But with the aid of a little invention of my own and this intelligent ferret, I can lay cables through a block of pipes at once.'

"The foreman allowed that as a merry jester Uncle Billy was a success, but that he would n't be able to cash in heavily at the cable-laying game.

"Go back to the farm, Uncle Billy,' said

the foreman, 'raise butter and eggs, and listen to the merry song of the crows; but don't come down here interfering with the mysteries of electrical science.'

"But, finally, as Uncle Billy was sure he could make good, the foreman agreed to give him a chance to try his invention. Uncle Billy took the end of one of the strings that was tied to a rat and fastened it to a stout rope. Then he tied the rope to a telephonecable. He placed the trained ferret on the ground and released the rat. The ferret, instead of springing right on the rat, chased him about a bit, until the rat dodged into the end of the conduit. Then, as the rat came through the other end, one of the workmen seized the string, pulled it through, and then pulled through the rope and the length of cable. The whole thing was done in about a third of the time it ordinarily took to lay a length. Uncle Billy was tickled all the way through at the success of his plan.

"'It's all right to talk about your electroscientific mysteries,' he said, triumphant like, 'but, when it comes to actual results, an inventive genius with the help of a trained ferret can copper science every deal.'

"The foreman looked as if he did n't quite want to admit all that, but he could n't deny

that Uncle Billy's plan had worked.

"'The beauty of your Uncle Billy's cablelaying combination,' said Uncle Billy jubilantly, 'is that it will work as easily through ten lengths of pipe as through one.'

"They made more tests, but it worked every time. The foreman finally asked Uncle Billy to try and put a new cable through in the main street, where there had been a break in the old one. But Uncle Billy hesitated a little.

"'The telephone company will be saved the expense of tearing up the street,' he said doubtfully. 'But I don't see where I am getting anything out of the deal except the reward of an approving conscience and healthy exercise for the ferret. Both are good in their way, but hardly substantial enough.'

"In the end Uncle Billy made a contract

with the telephone company that brought him in more in a day than he could earn in a month on his farm. Things were pretty prosperous in Indiana about that time, almost every town wanted an extension of its telephone-lines, and as the fame of his sys-

tem for laying cables spread,

Uncle Billy's bank-roll grew to plethoric dimensions. Some of the other boys

tried to work the same

game; but they did n't have Uncle Billy's

knack for training

ferrets, and the rats were

either killed before they

entered the conduits, or when they were only about

half way through. Uncle Billy was pretty indignant at these attempts to cut into his

business.

"It was my modest genius."

"'By rights I ought to be able to get out a patent on my idea,' he used to say. 'Of course, I'm not really the inventor of ferrets,

but it was my modest genius that first saw the possibilities of utilizing their dislike for rats.'

"If it had n't been for the meaness and treachery of Pete Johnson, Uncle Billy to-day might be one of the richest men in the State. Pete and Uncle Billy formerly had been partners, but a little disagreement had severed their friendship, and Pete for months had been looking for a chance to get even. One day, when the faithful ferret was helping lay cables under the direction of Uncle Billy, Pete happened on the scene.

"'I thought all your laborers belonged to the union,' he said to the foreman.

"The foreman allowed they did.

"'They do?' sneered Pete. 'Well, I'd like to know to what union that ferret belongs. That's a scab ferret, a ferret that's taking the food and clothing out of the mouths of faithful union ferrets. It's my belief that is an imported, pauper-labor ferret.'

"Uncle Billy was mighty indignant at hearing his little worker abused.

"'That's an American ferret, trained and educated by an honest American farmer. As to his being a non-union ferret, he's president, secretary, and sole charter-member of Ferret's Union No. 1. He's the pioneer and ancestor of a race of cable-laying ferrets.'

"Pete, finding that he was n't able to stir up any hard feeling against the ferret on the labor question, went away, growling and grumbling to himself. But it pained him to see all the good coin Uncle Billy was accumulating, and he kept puzzling his brain for some means of blocking the game. A few days later Uncle Billy took a contract to lay the cables through a conduit in a nearby town. He had grown so proud of his success that he boasted pretty freely, and Pete heard of the contract and went over to the town the day before Uncle Billy was to begin work. I warned Uncle Billy that Pete was up to some mischief.

"'Pete is n't making that trip just to arrange things comfortably for you,' I told him. 'You had better make some inspection of the conduits before you send your trusted ferret into them.'

"But, no, it was the ferret's business to look out for the conduit end of the work, and Uncle Billy was n't going to disturb his head about it. The next day, when everything was ready for work, he released a rat, and the ferret chased it into the first conduit. In about a minute out came the rat, then came a skunk, and last of all, the ferret. But he looked pretty disgusted with his job.

"'The ferret has done what he considers a good day's work under the circumstances,' I said to Uncle Billy. 'You had better let him have the rest of the day off.'

"Uncle Billy did n't see it that way and insisted on sending the ferret into another conduit. Pete had evidently done a thorough job, for the ferret looked even more weary when he came out of the second conduit than when be had left the first. The odor he gave out showed that he had good reasons for his disgust. When Uncle Billy tried to send him into a third conduit, even the faith-

ful, hard-working ferret decided he had had enough of it. Then Uncle Billy lost his temper, and seizing a stick began beating the ferret.

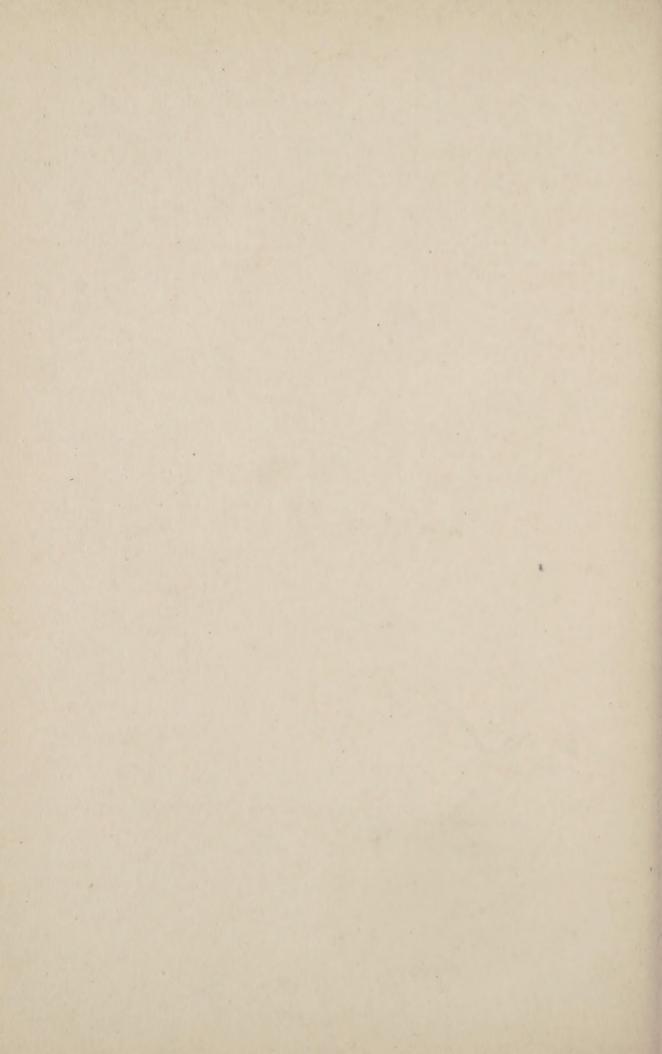
"'Do you think I brought you to this town just to have you give an exhibition of a ferret in a tantrum?' said Uncle Billy angrily. 'No ferret that is afraid of a few skunks will ever make his mark in the great world of ferrets.'

"The ferret did n't look at it in this light, and as Uncle Billy kept on beating him, he finally turned with a little snarl, bit Uncle Billy on the hand, and then scampered away at the top of his speed. Uncle Billy was almost heart-broken at the loss of his valued assistant, and seemed to think the ferret had been mighty ungrateful.

"'I've educated and cherished that ferret like a son,' said Uncle Billy sorrowfully, 'and now, on account of a few playful taps with a stick, he abandons me in the middle of a contract. Ingratitude, thy name is ferret.'

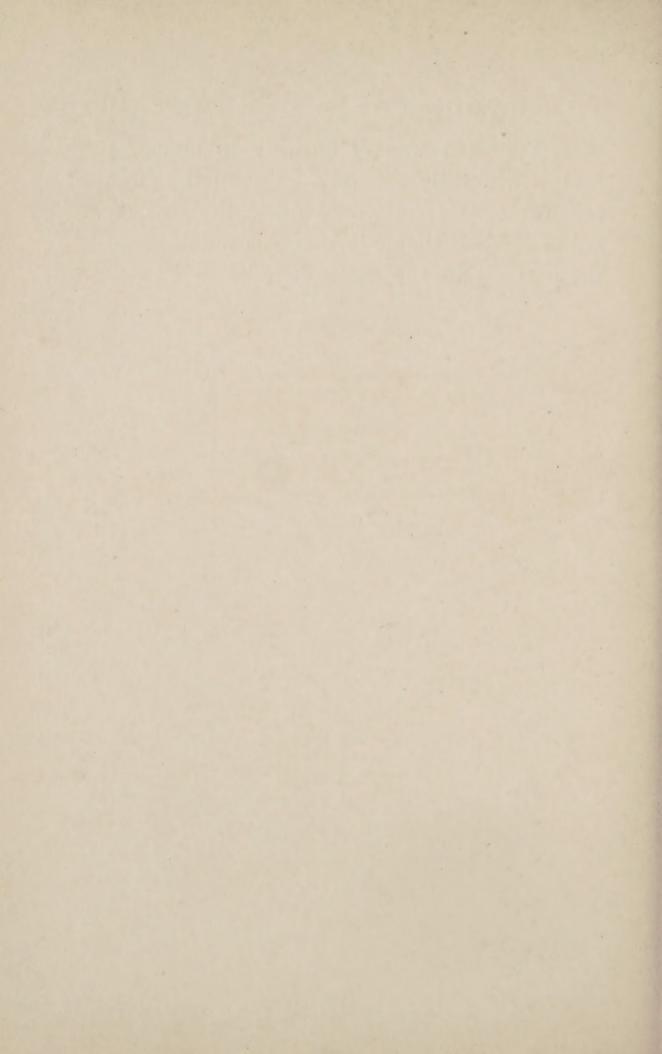


"Bit Uncle Billy on the hand."

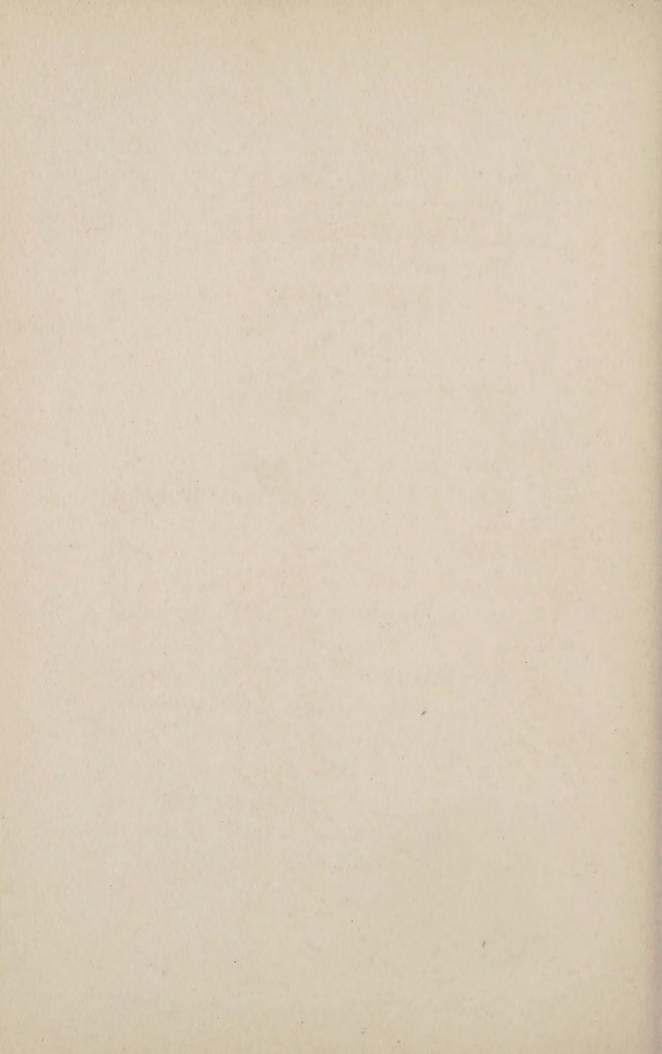


THE CABLE-LAYING FERRET 91

"'Your pet was n't entirely to blame,' I told Uncle Billy severely. 'Even the most faithful of ferrets would draw the line on going against that odoriferous conduit-game three times in the same day.'"







THE DOWNFALL OF THE PET FROG

F Eben Brown had kept his electric frog as a scientific wonder," said the old guide in pensive tones to the party gathered about the camp fire, "that frog to-day might still be the admiration and delight of all his acquaintances. By trying to win money and bulldogs from Tom Wilson, Eben came to grief, and the frog to an untimely and regretted end. And it was the expression on the ncle Sammy Evans which suggested

face of Uncle Sammy Evans which suggested to Tom the scheme that led to the death of the frog.

"Eben always was quite a hand for scientific experiments. One day, while he was fooling with an electric battery, he received a shock. The good man made a jump which showed that even if he was old he was agile. His interest in science died out for that day. He took his fishing-rod and wandered out into the woods. Just as he was about to seat himself in placid comfort on the bank of the pond, he happened to scare a big frog that had been sitting near. The frog jumped clear out into the pond, making a leap that was a long one, even for an active and alarmed frog. The long jump of the frog, combined with his own performance in the same line when he received the electric shock, suggested an idea to Eben.

"'If a frog without any external stimulus can make a jump like that,' he said thoughtfully, 'what could he do if he came in contact with an electric battery? Blamed if I don't think he could establish a twentieth century record in the frog-leaping line.'

"So Eben caught a few active young frogs

THE PET FROG'S DOWNFALL 9

and began his experiments. He soon found that under the influence of an electric shock a frog could do unlooked-for things in both

long and high-distance jumping.

But while it was an interesting enough experiment, Eben could n't see where he was "What could he do if he came in contact with an electric battery?"

getting any real benefit out of the game. Besides this, it was a good deal of bother fixing up the electric battery and carrying it over to where the frogs happened to be, even when the frogs would stay still and let Eben touch them with the wires. And they did n't

show any disposition to do this. One of the frogs was a good deal better jumper than the rest. Eben let the other frogs go, and set his ingenuity to work to try and contrive some plan whereby he could get the frog to give a jumping exhibition without the expenditure of so much effort on the part of Eben Brown.

"There's no denying Eben had talents as an electrical and mechanical expert. First he fixed up a tiny electric battery. Then he made a covering for the frog's back, — a sort of miniature frog blanket. He could fix the battery under the blanket, and, except that the poor animal looked like a frog with an overcoat, a person would n't have noticed anything peculiar in the appearance of that frog. Eben made a little hut for the frog, putting pieces of rubber under it, so as to insulate it. While the frog was in his house he would n't get any shock from the battery, but as soon as he was placed on the ground it made a connection, and the abused creature would receive a painful and unpleasant surprise.

"Eben fixed the battery so that it would have power enough to give the frog three shocks before it was exhausted. Then he placed the frog on the ground. Of course,

the instant the frog felt the electric current he jumped up in the air. As soon as he touched the ground again it re-established the connection, and up went the frog. The third jump was the biggest of all. Then the battery was exhausted and the frog squatted on the ground, evidently in doubt whether to be irritated at the shocks or lost in admiration of his own jumping abilities.

"Eben bought a pair of rubber gloves, and after "A frog with an overcoat." charging the battery he

used to carry the frog from place to place, giving exhibitions of his pet's talents. While Eben was carrying the frog the rubber gloves

Tom Wilson.

prevented the making of a connection, and the frog looked like an ordinary overgrown and rather blasé bullfrog. But when he was placed on the ground it was a revelation in frog agility.

"One day Eben, wearing his rubber gloves and carrying the frog in his hands, wandered

> down to Tom Wilson's tavern. Tom had been away, and had n't heard of the frog or its record-breaking jumps.

"And what might be the particular artistic value of that frog you are carrying about so tenderly?' inquired Tom in his sarcastic way.

"Eben allowed that the frog could outjump anything in the State. Tom seemed sort of sceptical about this statement.

"'Do you care to back up your opinion with good coin of the realm?' he asked.

"'I'm no sure thing bettor,' said Eben in his dignified manner, 'but I'm willing to

THE PET FROG'S DOWNFALL 101

bet this frog against your prize bulldog that my pet can make not one, but three jumps, every one of them longer than that of any other frog in the county.'

"If it had been a question of one jump Tom might have hesitated, but when Eben asserted his protégé could make three record jumps Tom thought he had a sure thing.



"Against your prize bulldog."

So he hunted up a big bullfrog and brought him around in front of the tavern, where Eben and the rest of the boys were standing.

"'If you're ready to lose your pet,' said Tom confident like, 'take off his blankets, put him on the ground, and let him show what he can do.'

"Eben said he did n't want to take off the blanket. 'The poor animal might take cold,' he objected. 'It makes a handicap, but I'd rather lose the bet than expose that trusting creature to the chilly air.'

"Tom thought this gave him a better chance of winning, so he did n't insist. He placed his frog on the ground, stirred him up with a stick, and the frog made his jump. It was a good long one, too, and Tom smiled in a superior, confident way as Eben set his champion on the ground. But the minute the electric frog touched the ground he sprang up higher than a man's head. He did this again, and then a third time. Then he sat still, blinking in a contented, complacent manner. Tom had to acknowledge that he had lost, and that the prize bulldog belonged to Eben. Tom felt rather suspicious about the performance, though.

"'That frog is certainly a wonderful jumper,' he said in tones of reluctant admiration, 'but what makes that queer expression on his face when he is going through with his exhibition?'

" 'That is a look of bland pleasure at the

THE PET FROG'S DOWNFALL 103

thought of the credit he is bringing to his worthy owner,' replied Eben.

"A couple of days later Tom Wilson called over at the house of Uncle Sammy Evans. Uncle Sammy was n't feeling well and was taking electric treatment

taking electric treatment, using a medical battery. The current was pretty strong and the look on Uncle Sammy's face was n't one of pure delight. After the current had been shut off Tom said:

"'Do you know what the expression on your face just now reminded me of?'

"'Of a good man in distress,' answered Uncle Sammy promptly.

"The look on Uncle Sammy's face."

ADDAMS

"'Not exactly,' replied Tom. 'It was the identical expression as that on the face of Eben Brown's bullfrog when he was doing his high-jumping act.'

"Somehow Uncle Sammy didn't seem

over and above pleased at the comparison. But the more Tom Wilson thought of the similarity of expressions the more positive he was that electricity was in some way responsible for the wonderful leaps of the frog.

"That evening, while Eben Brown was down at the store, Tom started his investigation. He slipped into Eben's barn and found the bullfrog dozing in his insulated hut. Tom took off the frog's blanket. There he saw the little battery. He understood the mystery of the high jumps in a minute. And when he thought of the loss of his prize bulldog he was an angry individual.

"'No electric motor bullfrog is going to be allowed to gold-brick me with impunity,' Tom said to Uncle Sammy, who had accompanied him. 'If it's electricity that Eben Brown and his frog are looking for, I'll guarantee to give them all that is coming to them.'

"Tom took the battery down to his house. There he charged it to about ten times its original strength. Then he carried

THE PET FROG'S DOWNFALL 105

it back and inserted it under the frog's blanket.

"'There, my goggle-eyed friend,' he said to the bullfrog. 'This will teach you a lesson on the evils of trying to cheat honest Tom Wilson. The next time you are placed on the ground for a high-jumping exhibition you will think you are the principal actor in an electric chair drama.'

"The next day Tom Wilson hunted up Eben Brown.

"'I've found a bullfrog,' he said, 'that I think can beat that vaunted pet of yours. So, unless you've lost confidence in his abilities, you might give me a chance to win back my cherished prize bulldog.'

"Eben was so sure nothing in the county could jump in the same class with his protégé that he agreed to another match. That afternoon he carried his frog down to Tom Wilson's place. Tom had his frog on hand. It was only an ordinary frog from all appearances. Tom poked it with a stick. The frog made a jump. It was a fair jump for a full

grown frog, but nothing extraordinary. Eben looked sympathetically at Tom.

"'It's a shame to take a second prize bulldog won in such an easy manner,' he said in kindly tones. 'But it will teach you not to have so much confidence in the ability of yourself and your deluded, untrained frogs. The lesson will be worth numerous bulldogs. And I really need another one myself.'

"Eben put his jumping frog on the ground and waited to see it give three joyous leaps. Instead of jumping the frog gave a little quiver and then rolled over on his side. Eben tried to stir him up with a stick, but the frog was beyond stirring. In his anxiety about his pet Eben forgot it was a sort of loaded frog. He pulled off his rubber gloves and picked the frog up. The instant he got the frog off the ground the good man received an electric shock that nearly sent him down.

"'That poor creature died by electrocution,' he said sadly, when he had recovered, but I can't understand how that battery happened to be charged so heavily.'



"The good man received an electric shock."



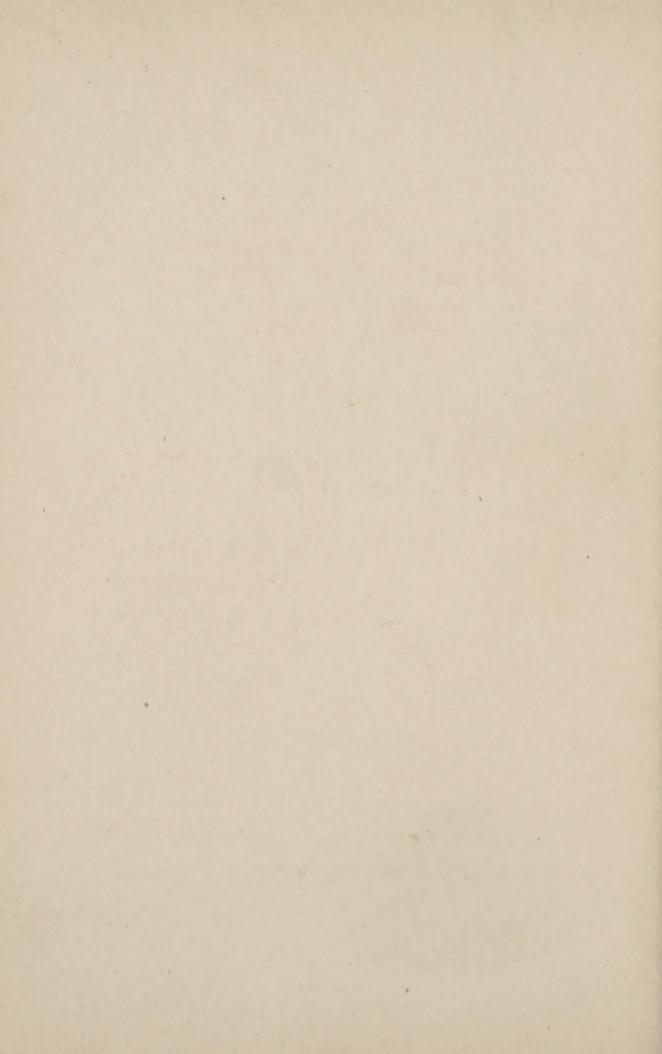
THE PET FROG'S DOWNFALL 109

"He slipped on his rubber gloves and took the blanket off the frog. Then he saw that the battery had been overcharged. Looking up he saw a broad grin on Tom Wilson's face. And the rest of the crowd seemed to think Eben was served right for trying to run in an electric motor frog. Eben realized in an instant what had happened. He was almost heartbroken.

"'The wickedness of Tom Wilson in electrocuting my cherished pet,' said Eben sadly, 'has bowed my head with honest grief and robbed me of bulldog, bullfrog, and reputation.'"







OIL-LOVING Degfish

HE Cape Cod fishermen don't seem to be the men they once were," said the old skipper sadly. "Not that the boys to-day are n't industrious and willing to work. But they don't appear to have the brains and foresight the men

of a former generation did. Now take the case of honest old Capt. Enoch Wilson. He never overworked himself and always had time to join in a game of poker, or anything else that tended to uplift the community. Yet in one summer, with the help of his trained dogfish, he caught more fish than

some of the men now living hereabout do in a lifetime.

"Capt. Enoch was a natural-born philosopher. When anything came up that bothered him he did n't get blue over it, or unduly exert himself. He just looked around for some way to turn it to his own advantage. If he was in a poker game and the other man held out a pair, did Capt. Enoch tear his hair and get out of the game? No; he just held out a better hand himself, and played it when the other fellow was expecting to win. He called this, in his pious way, 'making the wrath of men to praise him.'

"'How is a man better than a dumb beast,' Capt. Enoch used to say, 'if he does n't use his God-given powers to help him get on in the world without unnecessary exertion?'

"One day, when Capt. Enoch took his boat, the 'Mary Bell,' out for a fishing trip, he met the rest of the fleet coming back. The good old man was grieved at what he considered the laziness of his comrades.

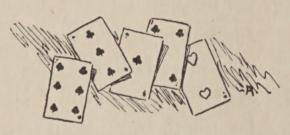
THE OIL-LOVING DOGFISH 115

"'How do you expect to make enough to support your family and join the game to-night if you stop work at this time of day?' he shouted to Abner Simpkins.

"'There ain't any use fishing to-day,' answered Abner, disgusted like. 'Those tarnation dogfish have driven away all the other fish.'

"'There's no occasion for using such words,' replied Capt. Enoch severely. 'Dog-

fish have as much of a mission in the world as lazy fishermen. Everything in the world, even a bobtail flush, has



"Seed of some good in it."

the seed of some good in it.'

"I was with Capt. Enoch, and I noticed that all the way back to port he was doing a pretty heavy stunt at the thinking game.

"'A dogfish is nothing but a little shark,' said Capt. Enoch meditatively, as we were pulling up to the wharf, 'and he ought not to get the better of a Cape Cod fisherman.

The reason dogfish hurt the fishing is because they drive other fish away from the boats. But if a dogfish could be taught to drive fish towards a boat he would save a certain worthy but weary old fisherman a great deal of work and help swell that fisherman's bank account.'

"'As you say, everything has a mission in the world,' I answered doubtfully. 'But with an extended acquaintance among Cape Cod dogfish I never met one that seemed to regard it as his mission to help out lazy fishermen. If you could organize a Fishermen's Aid Society among the dogfish, there would be good money in it. It's considerable of a contract, though, for a man of your years to take up.'

"'I'm not thinking of starting a general dogfish kindergarten,' said Capt. Enoch, sort of impatiently. 'That would be a lot of work, and would n't help me any more than it did the rest of the fishermen. But it seems to me that a healthy young dogfish might be trained to drive fish towards

THE OIL-LOVING DOGFISH 117

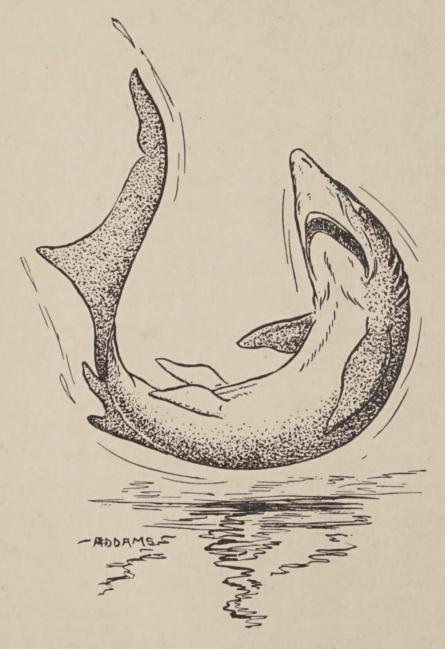
the boat of his owner. It would give the dogfish the benefits of civilization and regular work, and be as much moral benefit for him as financial good for Capt. Enoch.'

"The next day Capt. Enoch went fishing for dogfish. There was n't any trouble catching all he wanted, but it was some time before he captured one which he thought was young enough to be trained. Then he built a little pond with a sluice-way that the tide could come up through and put the dogfish in it. The dogfish did n't seem to appreciate the benefits of training and civilization and sulked in one corner. Capt. Enoch was hurt, but not discouraged.

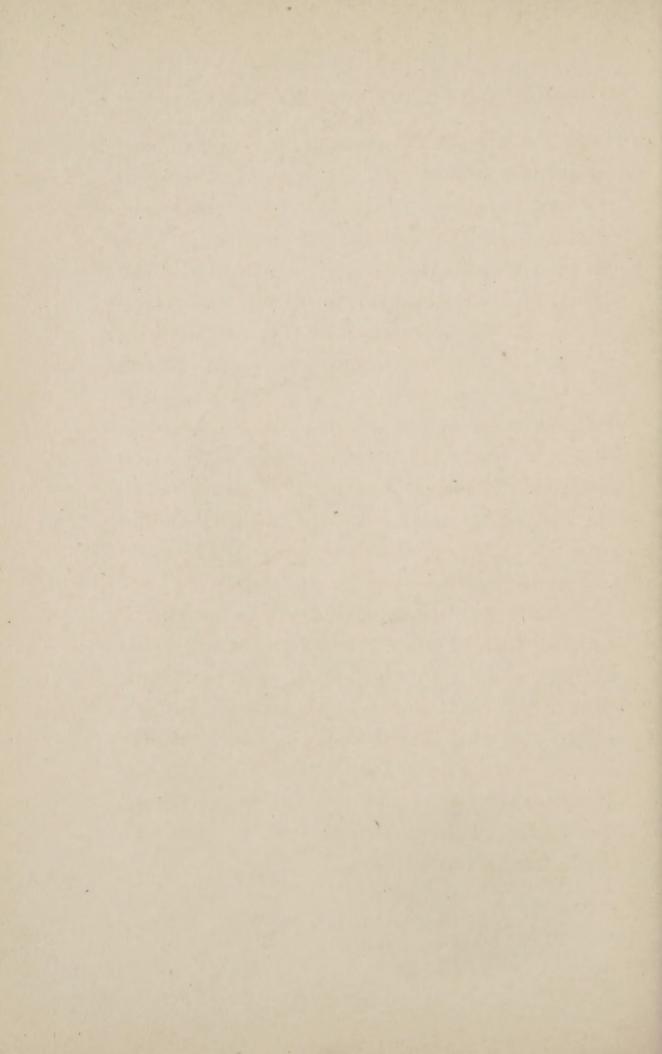
"'When he gets good and hungry I'll feed him,' he said cheerily. 'Little by little he will come to know and love the man who rescued him from a watery wilderness. And it won't be long after that before he will perceive that the only way he can get anything to eat is by doing his duty and driving fish towards my boat.'

"When the dogfish had grown pretty hungry, Capt. Enoch threw a small fish into the pond. The dogfish started after it. Capt. Enoch kept heading him off with a pole until finally the dogfish realized that before he got the fish he would have to drive it in the direction of Capt. Enoch. This was kept up day after day, and at last the dogfish came to recognize that it was a case of driving fish first and eating afterwards. By this time he knew Capt. Enoch and was n't afraid of him. Then Capt. Enoch decided it was time to bring his fishing assistant out in the open.

"The next day Capt. Enoch took out the 'Mary Bell,' carrying the dogfish in a little trough he had made in the bottom of the boat. When he reached the fishing grounds he tossed the dogfish out. Off the dogfish started, rounded up a small school of fish, and drove them towards the boat. Capt. Enoch threw in his line and caught a fish, while the dogfish grabbed another and began eating it on his own account. It was right



"Tossed the dogfish out."



THE OIL-LOVING DOGFISH 121

here Capt. Enoch's Assisted Fishing Industry struck the first snag.

"As long as the dogfish was hungry he would drive fish towards the boat. As soon as his appetite was satisfied he would lay off and not do anything more in the fish-driving line until he was again hungry, which was a matter of several hours. So Capt. Enoch was n't making much more out of it than if he had been fishing alone. When it began to grow dark the captain whistled to the dogfish. The well trained fish swam up to the side of the boat. Capt. Enoch lifted him into the trough and sailed home. The good old captain was feeling pretty depressed.

"'This well meaning but somewhat stupid fish-assistant of mine is all right when he is hungry,' said Capt. Enoch in gloomy tones. 'But he doesn't seem to appreciate that the end and aim of this industry is fish for Capt. Enoch, not meals for a trained dogfish. Unless he develops an appetite for something besides fish, I don't see where I'm going to realize much out of the game.'

"The captain stayed awake most of that night pondering over the subject, for he hated to think he had thrown away all the labor he had expended in training his pet dogfish. The next morning, though, when I called at his house, he was looking pretty cheerful.

"'What is the best and most nourishing thing in the world?' he asked almost gleefully.

"I was n't certain.

"Some persons say whiskey is,' I responded, sort of hesitatingly. 'For my own part, I prefer good old New England rum. Still, if you have both, I'll try each and then give an expert opinion.'

"'I don't mean for men,' said Capt. Enoch hastily. 'It's fish, especially dogfish, that I'm referring to. What do they give consumptives and people in need of nourishment? Funerals? Of course not. Cod liver oil in large quantities is fed to them. It seems to me that it would n't take long for my civilized dogfish to acquire a decided taste for cod liver oil, it being a fishy product. And when he once has the cod liver oil habit, he will find that the only way to obtain the longed-for stimulant is by doing a good day's work driving fish towards the boat of old Capt. Enoch.'

"So, instead of taking the trained dogfish out on fishing trips, Capt. Enoch kept him shut up in the little pond until the fish was remarkably hungry. Then he offered him a liberal dose of cod liver oil. But a taste for cod liver oil seems to be an acquired one, even with trained dogfishes, and Capt. Enoch's pet just sniffed at the oil and retired to a corner of the pond in disgust. Capt. Enoch went away and did n't come near the pond again until the next morning. The dogfish was on hand, ravenously hungry. Capt. Enoch again offered him the cod liver oil. The poor dogfish looked up with a pathetic grieved expression. Then he gulped down a little of the oil. But he did n't show any evidences of hilarious delight.

"'He may not like it now,' said Capt. Enoch calmly, 'but a good many people don't at first. It won't be long, though, before he will turn up an indignant nose at any fish which has n't been flavored with cod liver oil.'

"Sure enough, at the end of a week the dogfish would take his cod liver oil without showing any particular signs of disgust. It was n't long after that before he would hardly look at a fish unless Capt. Enoch had flavored it with a little oil dressing. And when he could get a drink of pure cod liver oil, he was the happiest, most contented dogfish along Cape Cod. He would take the oil in his mouth and swallow it down slowly, so as to get the full benefit of the flavor. Then he would swim placidly about the pond, waving his fins gently, and with an expression of pure delight on his face. When the dogfish's appetite for the oil had reached this stage Capt. Enoch determined it was time to begin the fishing expeditions again.

"'Loving care and several quarts of good cod liver oil have been lavished on you, my sharkish-looking friend,' he said to the dog-

THE OIL-LOVING DOGFISH 125

fish. 'Now it is up to you to do a little fishing stunt. For you will get no more oil until you have done a good day's work for your trainer and benefactor.'

"He put the dogfish in the trough in the bottom of the 'Mary Bell' and sailed to the fishing grounds. When he reached them he showed the dogfish the bottle of cod liver



"A little fishing stunt."

oil and then pointed to the water. Then he threw the fish in. The dogfish hung around the boat a little while, evidently trying to show that he would like his cod liver oil before he began work. But Capt. Enoch waved his hand towards the fishing grounds as if to indicate that it was fish first and oil later. So the dogfish swam off and pretty soon had driven a school of fish towards the

'Mary Bell.' He appreciated that it was his duty to keep them there as long as Capt. Enoch wanted to fish, and he swam round and round that school of fish, rounding them up as a shepherd dog does sheep. Capt. Enoch pulled in fish as fast as he could handle the line, until the 'Mary Bell' was half full. Then the captain drew in his line and whistled to the dogfish. The faithful creature swam up to the boat. Capt. Enoch put him in the trough and gave him a big drink of cod liver oil.

"'Take a good drink, my cherished pet,' said Capt. Enoch, as if the dogfish could understand him. 'The oil costs money, but the fish will sell for a good deal more. No one can say that honest old Capt. Enoch begrudges his faithful assistant a drink of cod liver oil, — though for my own part I prefer other beverages.'

"Each took a liberal drink of what he liked best. The dogfish curled up contentedly in his trough, and Capt. Enoch steered the 'Mary Bell' back to Wellfleet, where

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he disposed of the biggest catch of the season.

"All through that summer the dogfish worked for Capt. Enoch, and day after day the 'Mary Bell' returned to port loaded down with fish. After a time Capt. Enoch got out of the habit of shutting up the dogfish in the pond at night.

"'That fish is tame and don't care to leave his happy pondside,' said Capt. Enoch. 'He knows that the only place where he can get oil, which gladdens the hearts of dogfishes, is from honest old Capt. Enoch. There is no danger of his running away. And it is a nuisance to be letting him in and out of the pond.'

"But it was this lazy good nature on the part of Capt. Enoch that caused him the loss of his trained dogfish. One day, while the dogfish was driving fish towards the 'Mary Bell,' Capt. Enoch noticed that there was another dogfish, evidently a female, hanging around. The captain was pleased at this.

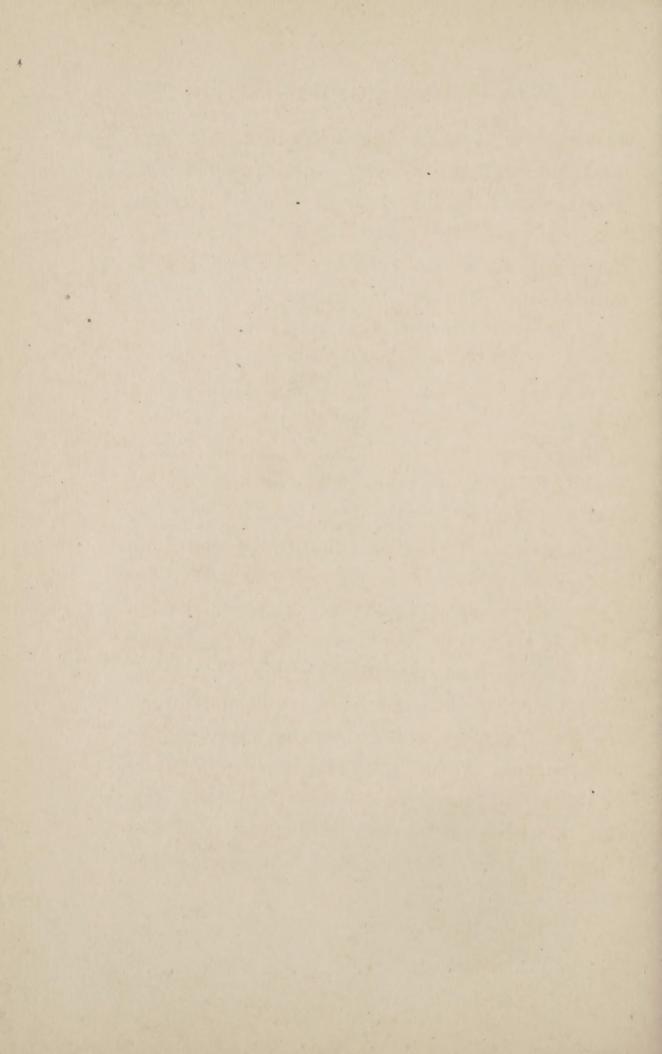
"'My pet will marry, settle down, and live a respectable life,' he remarked complacently. 'The result will be a lot of little dogfishes who will look to Capt. Enoch for their cod liver oil and in return will add to the profits of the fishing industry. Within a few years I will be able to organize a Dogfish Fishing Trust and control every market along the Atlantic coast.'

"One morning, after a pretty steady stunt of work, the dogfish swam up to the boat and got a drink of oil. Then he swam to where the female was. She poked her nose near his mouth. It was plain she was smelling of his breath. Then she gave a disgusted flirt to her tail and swam away. The trained dogfish followed and tried to explain things. But she would n't listen to him, and he returned to the 'Mary Bell' with a mighty saddened expression.

"The next day the dogfish would n't touch the cod liver oil. It was evident he was making himself popular with the female, though far from comfortable himself. The



"Will look to Capt. Enoch for their cod liver oil."



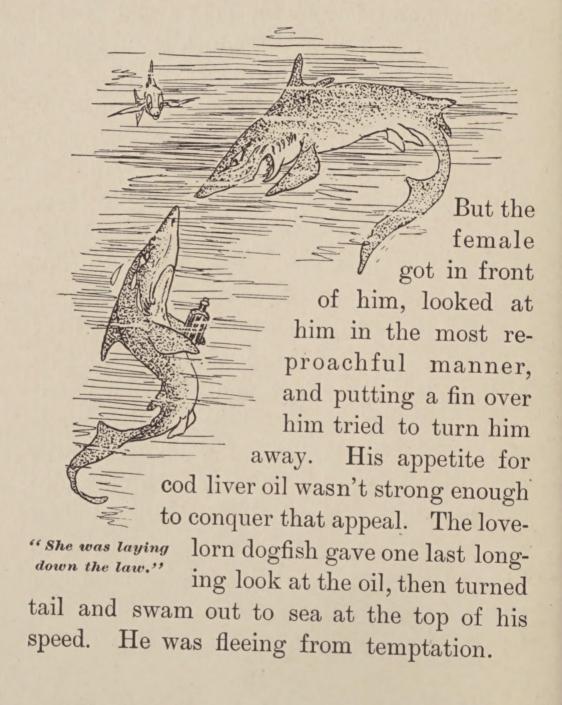
day after that he yielded to temptation and took an unusually large quantity of oil. The female would n't look at him. He swam back disconsolately to the boat and drowned his grief in cod liver oil, which Capt. Enoch handed out in liberal quantities.

"'Women never did man or fish any good,' said Capt. Enoch, who was a confirmed old bachelor. 'That is a Delilah dogfish. She is trying to lead you astray, attempting to persuade you to abandon the man who trained you. Take a good drink and forget her.'

"The trained dogfish filled up on cod liver oil. The next morning it was plain that he had a pale yellow taste and a troubled conscience. When he reached the fishing grounds the female was waiting for him. A man did n't need to be an expert in fish nature to see that she was laying down the law, telling him that he would have to choose between her and the cod liver oil. Capt. Enoch saw that his protégé was wavering and held the bottle of cod liver oil over the side of the

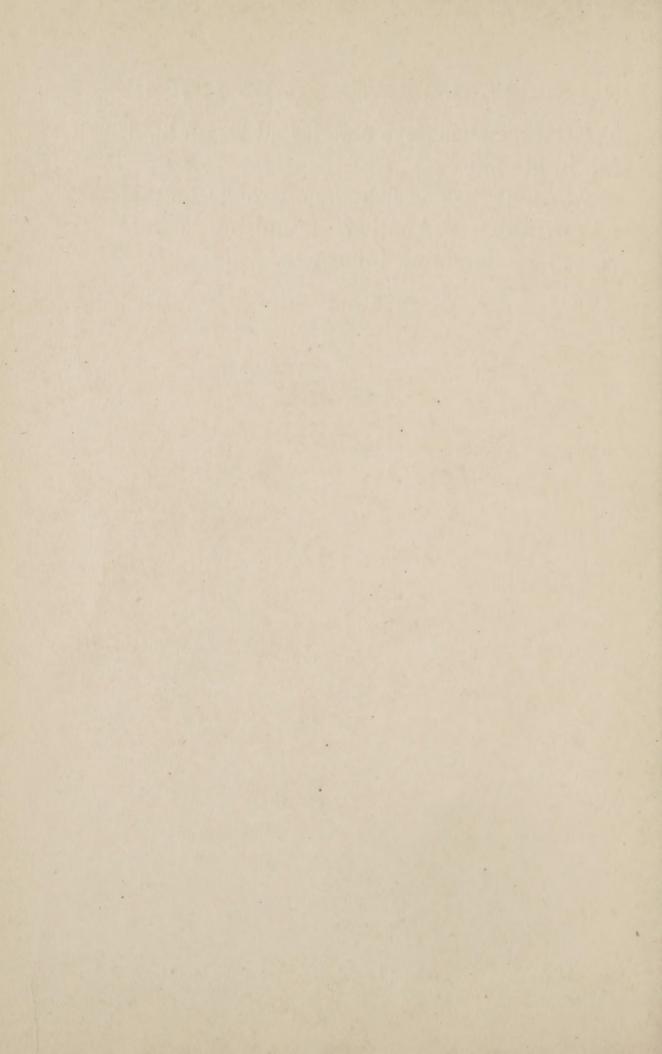
132 STRENUOUS ANIMALS

boat. The dogfish saw it. He was on the verge of yielding to temptation and had begun to swim slowly towards the 'Mary Bell.'

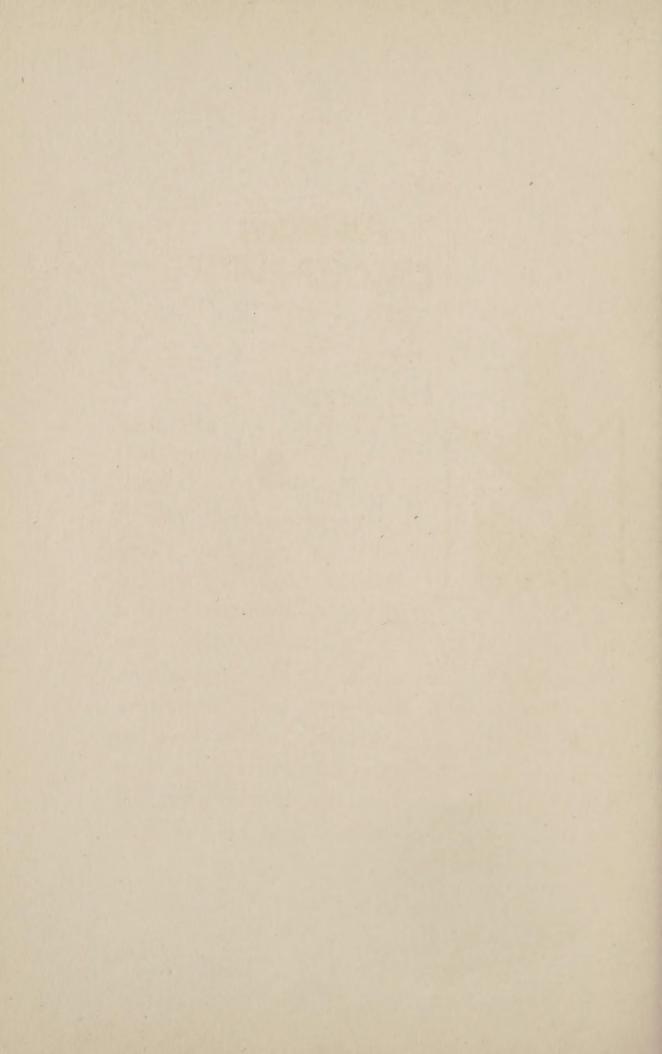


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- "Capt. Enoch gave a sigh and began hauling in his line.
- "'Another good fish gone wrong,' he said sorrowfully. 'Another promising career ruined by feminine influences.'"









IGHTY few men are good players of both checkers and poker," said Uncle Zack Rogers pensively. "So it seems to me that Elder Allison was harsh in his severe condemnation of

his pet bear when he found that that once pious animal had mixed up the two games. The bear might have been redeemed from paths of sin if the Elder had n't been so hasty. As it was, the bear, after enduring a few hard buffets from the good Elder, fled to a life of careless vice. And he was such a good bear at first.

"Elder Allison had picked up the bear when only a cub in the woods one day.

> Some hunters had shot its mother, and it was a very hungry and lonely furry baby. The Elder took the bear home with him, fed him, and sort of adopted him as a member of the family. When the bear began to grow a little it was evident that all bets on bear intelligence wanted to be coppered if they were made against the Elder's pet. He had the rest of his kindred chained

"A lonely furry baby."

to the post when it came to knowing how

to do things and do them well. Ordinary bear-tricks were so easy for that intelligent animal that he never had to be shown them

tricks."

more than once; but Elder

Allison, who was a pillar in the village church,

would n't teach his pet any ordinary bear-tricks.

He said they were 'frivolous and an abomination to the truly good.' And Elder Allison ranked Class A in that division.

"The good Elder had only one real diversion, and that was playing checkers. Any ___ time he could get up a game

of checkers he was a happy man, especially if there was a small bet on the side. Some of the church people were sort of scandalized at the Elder's taking these bets; but the good man defended himself against any charge of gambling.

"'What's your definition of gambling?' he asked, anxious like, of the minister, when

that worthy man took him to task for betting on his favorite game.

"Gambling is betting on a game of chance,' answered the minister prompt like.

"'To be sure, to be sure,' said Elder Allison in mighty satisfied tones. 'That was what I thought myself. Well, it is n't any game of chance when the boys around here play with me. The only reason they win at all is that I like to make things a little interesting and keep them at the game. I was sure in my own mind that I was n't gambling, but I'm mighty glad to have your indorsement, pastor.'

"And Elder Allison marched off with the satisfied air of a man who has got the commendation of the church on an innocent recreation. The pastor seemed puzzled and not wholly satisfied.

"After a while it got so that all the boys were sort of reluctant about playing checkers with the Elder. Even when there was n't any betting on the game they did n't care to play, for the Elder always won. The

Elder found it sort of lonely without his favorite game. One evening the thought came to him that he could teach his pet bear to play the game. The more he pondered over the scheme the more satisfied he was that it would be a success.

"'Checkers is n't a game to be lightly approached by man or beast,' he remarked sort of doubtfully to the bear; 'but you seem to have the intelligence of two ordinary men, my furry pet, and, besides, have had the benefit of association from cubhood with one of the worthiest men in this part of the State. I don't see why, with a little practise, you could n't become the second-best checker-player in town. It would be a pleasure for me, a privilege for you, and perhaps, if later on we could get some of the boys to make a few small bets against you, there might be profit in it for the good man who owns you.'

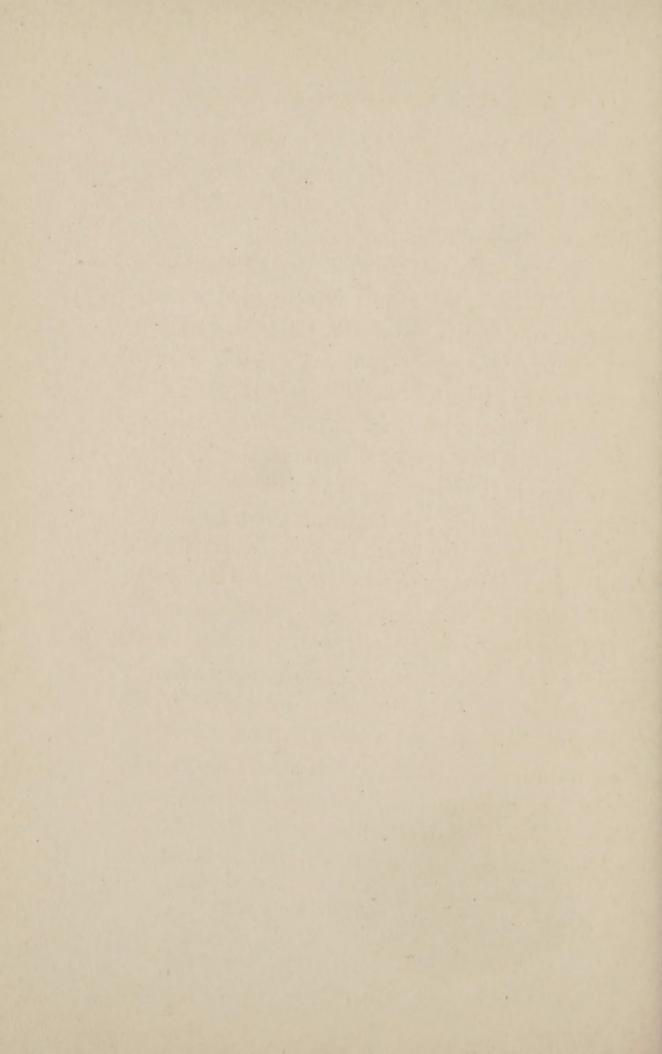
"The bear nodded his head at the end of this little speech, as if he understood every word of it. Probably he did, being as I have said a bear that could make his mark anywhere in the great world of bears. So the Elder got down the checkerboard and began teaching his pet the game.

"The good bear was as apt a pupil as the Elder could have found in the whole county. Besides his natural bear intellect, he had watched the Elder's games night after night, so that he practically understood the whole thing before his lessons were begun. In a week the bear could play a fair game. In a month there was n't a person in the town, except Elder Allison, who could beat him. And sometimes the intelligent bear would score a victory over the Elder. But he soon learned that this was n't healthy and meant reduced rations. The Elder was a worthy and pious man; but he could n't stand it to be beaten, especially by his own bear.

"'How much sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful bear,' the Elder used to sigh after the bear had won a victory over him at checkers. 'Probably you cheated when I was n't looking, or you could n't



"Followed by a big and unusually intelligent-looking bear."



have won that game. I guess you had better go without breakfast to-morrow to teach you that the way of the transgressor is hard when he is found out.'

"Any one who cheated the Elder in a game of checkers could have stolen a buzz-saw in motion; but, as the Elder had charge of the rations, the good bear soon learned that such victories were unprofitable.

"Just about the time the Elder thought he had his bear well trained at the checker-game, and that it was about time for him to try and get a few bets from the rest of the boys against the bear, he was called to the city on important business which would probably keep him away about three months. He could n't very well take the bear with him, for, even if the railroad company would n't object, it would look queer to go trapesing about the city followed by a big and unusually intelligent-looking bear. So the Elder hunted up Deacon Stebbins, and confided the bear to his care.

"'That precious animal is the apple of my

eye,' said the Elder earnestly, as he turned the bear over to Deacon Stebbins. 'Guard him tenderly, and be especially careful that he does n't get into any bad habits. Intellectually he can look out for himself, but I'm afraid for his moral nature after my guidance is removed.'

"Deacon Stebbins promised he would be a father to the bear during the Elder's absence. So the Elder went on his journey rejoicing in the thought that he had left his pet in worthy hands.

"Now Deacon Stebbins, while a good man in many ways, was a sort of a whited sepulchre, too. He was one of the pillars of the church, and generally strong in reform movements, but the Deacon had a weakness for the national game of poker. Once or twice a week he used to drop down to Hal Jenkins' tavern and take a hand in a little game in one of the back rooms. The game was kept very much on the quiet; so this never injured the Deacon's reputation, although it often dented his bank-roll, he not

being the player Hal Jenkins and some of the rest of the boys were. Not liking to leave the precious bear at home, the Deacon used to take him with him in these little excursions into haunts of vice. Of course the talents of the bear made him popular with the boys at the tavern poker-room, he being a bear that would have won social success in any city, and the more Hal Jenkins saw of the bear the more determined he was to possess him, permanently, if he could; if not, then temporarily.

"At first Hal tried to buy the bear, but of course Deacon Stebbins had no authority to sell the Elder's cherished pet. Then Hal wanted to rent the bear at a mighty liberal figure until Elder Allison returned; but Deacon Stebbins would n't hear of this. He sort of hinted, too, that he was afraid the pious bear's moral nature might be corrupted by too much contact with Hal, whose heart was rather set on things of this world. This did n't please Hal overmuch and made him more determined to get the bear.

"So Hal took two or three of the rest of the boys into partnership, and they laid for the good Deacon. As a result of having so many house-players against him, it was n't long before the Deacon had lost most of his ready money. Then Hal loaned him some. This went, too. Hal kept this up until he had the Deacon pretty well tangled up in debt. Then one day he suggested, casual like, that he needed the money. The Deacon did n't have it.

"'Then I'm afraid I'll have to sue for it,' said Hal, in a kind of ugly way.

"Of course, this landed mighty hard on the good Deacon. Hal probably could n't recover on a gambling debt, but he could put the Deacon's reputation with the truly good back a good many miles. After Hal had the Deacon well scared, he sprang his proposition on him.

"'I tell you what I'll do, Deacon,' he said in a more kindly tone. 'If you will let me have that bear until Elder Allison returns, I'll call our little account square. When the Elder gets back, I will turn the bear over to you, and the Elder won't know he has been absent from your fostering care.'

"Deacon Stebbins was pretty joyous at getting out of the debt on these terms. He turned the bear over to Hal Jenkins, remarking as he did it that the bear's long suit was playing checkers. Hal snorted at this.

"'Checkers!' he said, mighty contemptuous like. 'That's no game for either man or bear of his talents. I'll teach this cherished pet of Elder Allison's how to play a man's When the Elder returns and finds his bear the best poker-player in the county his heart ought to bubble over with gratitude towards Hal Jenkins; but I ain't by any means sure that it will.' And Hal chuckled in a pleased way to himself, there being small love lost between him and the Elder.

"Of course, as soon as the bear was a little used to his new home he wanted to show off his talents in the checker-playing line, being justly proud of them. But Hal just laughed at the good bear. The intelligent animal

"A grieved

and hurt look."

went around for a few days with a grieved and hurt look on his face. But Hal fed him well and petted him and, to make up for the loss of checkers, started in to teach the bear poker. Maybe he was a bad bear at heart,

> and maybe it was just his wonderful intelligence; but it took the bear even less time to

> > than it had to learn checkers, and he

seemed to enjoy it a

good deal more, too, which makes me think that at the bottom he was a sort of Tenderloin bear and not the truly good creature he

appeared at first acquaintance. Anybody who doubted the bear's ability as a poker-player had only to sit in a game with him once. He did n't need to sit twice. And generally he did n't have the money to.

"'Such a bear! such a bear!' said Hal Jenkins in an admiring way one evening

after the furry gambler had bluffed him out of a big pot. 'No one would think to look at your innocent, bland countenance that you possess the guile you do. If you had only lived in the old Mississippi-river-steamboat times you would have been worth a fortune to the man who owned you.'

"And just as the bear had about developed into the best poker-player in town Elder Allison returned from the city.

"Of course, there was nothing for Hal Jenkins to do but to return the bear to Deacon Stebbins, who turned him over to the Elder. The Elder took his pet home with him, the faithful animal showing signs of unfeigned joy at the return of his old master. That evening the Elder thought he would have a game of checkers.

"'Now we'll have a little game,' he remarked complacent like, 'just to see how much you have deteriorated during my absence.'

"The bear trudged over to the place where he knew a pack of cards was kept. In the meantime the Elder got out the checkerboard and set the pieces. The bear shuffled the cards and dealt out poker-hands. Each was busy and did not notice what the other was doing until the good Elder moved one of his pieces - he always liking to have the first move. Then each looked at the other mightily amazed.

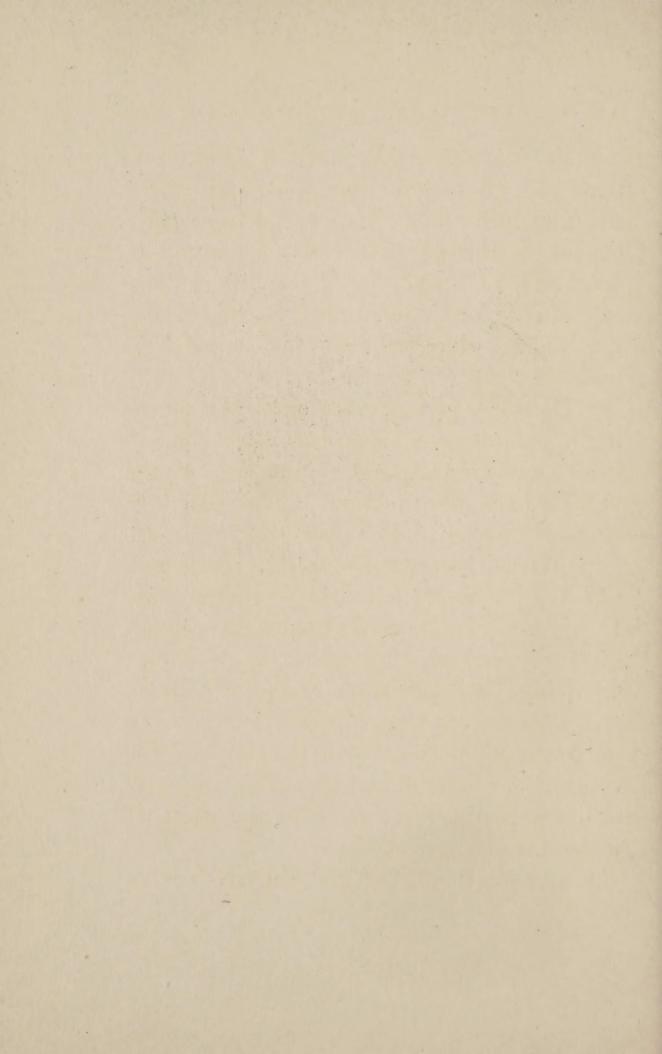
"'You may think we need the cards for counters,' snarled the Elder, sort of impatiently; 'but we don't. We'll only play two or three games, and of course I'll take them all'

"But the bear was as surprised as the Elder. He had forgotten all about checkers. He looked at the pieces sort of puzzled. Then he noticed the one piece that the Elder had pushed forward. That seemed to enlighten him some, though not entirely.

"'I see the one check you have bet," he seemed to be saying to himself, 'but why do you scatter the rest about the board, instead of stacking them like a Christian?'



"Leave my house forever!"



"The bear never was much of a conversationalist. He took another peep at his cards. Then he gathered up his checker pieces, slid one out by the piece the Elder had put forward and stacked up ten of the others along

side of it. It was plain that he was seeing the Elder's supposed bet and raising it ten.

"The Elder looked at this strange proceeding in amazement. Then he noticed the five cards the bear was holding and the way the checker-men were staked up. His look changed to one of holy horror.

"'Wicked, depraved bear!' he thundered.
'Is this the way you put in your time while
I was away? Learning games of chance,
after my careful efforts to keep you from
gambling! It's penitence, and a short chain,
and hard bumps that will be coming to you
until you appreciate that the way of the
transgressor is hard, and that it is the duty
of every good bear to stick to the game at
which his master can win.'

"At that the Elder grabbed a big stick

and began pounding the bear. At first the bear seemed hurt, mentally as well as physically. He had been mighty proud of his poker-playing ability and now to be pounded for it! But the Elder kept on showering hard words and harder blows. At last the poor bear gave a sort of sullen growl and rushed out of the doorway; but even then he turned back in a doubtful way, as if he hated to leave his old master.

"'Leave my house forever,' shouted the Elder, who had evidently been at the theatre while in the city. 'Never darken my door until you have forgotten all you know about poker and can bring forth fruits worthy of repentance in the checker-playing line.'

"The outcast bear looked down the village street. He could see the lights in Hal Jenkins' tayern. There he would not be beaten and abused. There his talents as a poker-player would be praised and appreciated. He looked back once more at the house. The Elder continued his abuse. The

once good bear gave a little bear sigh. Then he shambled off towards the tavern, no longer the pet of a pillar of the church, but a pokerplaying, gambling bear, the last addition to the ursine Tenderloin."

THE END

